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ROME AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER.

Rome as seen by a New Yorker in 1843-4.

"Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non e piu come era prima."

New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 216.

TOOK up this little volume with no slight feeling of curiosity to know what a citizen of our commercial emporium would make of the great "eternal city," the ancient capital of the Cæsars, and the present metropolis of Christendom. "*Rome as seen by a New Yorker*," we mused, must be a new Rome, altogether different from the old Rome we used to know, and in which we passed so many delightful years of our life. It is very difficult, if not bordering on impossibility, that one who was raised amid the perpetual changes and daily progress of a city which sprang into existence but yesterday, and yet has already become a giant, should estimate aright the oldest city in the civilized world, and the most changeless one in modern times; or that one whose mind has been filled from earliest life with the mysteries of Wall street exchange, and with speculations in up-town lots, should properly appreciate a city remarkable for every thing else more than for a spirit of commercial speculation. Still more difficult is it, we thought, for a Protestant, reared with hereditary feelings of hostility to the mother church, to take an impartial view, and to form or present a correct estimate of the great centre and capital of Catholicity. To perform this task with success, the visiter of Rome should be not only a Christian, but a Catholic; otherwise it were vain to expect that he will enter fully into the spirit of the place or of the people; he may, indeed, see what appears externally, but he can not be expected to penetrate what is internal; he may examine and describe the mere shell of society; he can not taste himself, nor exhibit to others the kernel.

Such were our musings and anticipations when we entered on the perusal of the work before us. Nor were we wholly disappointed. The book is precisely what it purports to be, "*Rome as seen by a New Yorker;*" that is, as the author himself candidly acknowledges in the preface, Rome as seen "with the ideas, prepossessions, and prejudices of an American and a New Yorker." It is also, as he admits with equal candor at the close of the work, a "superficial survey" of the "eternal city," though we could not understand why he adds that it was "necessarily" so.* Surely we had already superficial books in abundance, without adding another to the list. Our age is so vastly *enlightened,* that it would really seem as if no book could prove acceptable to it which is not superficial. We are learned enough already; we have little time, and less inclination, to think on difficult subjects, or even to peruse those works which undertake to do our thinking for us by going to the bottom of things.

Still the book has its merits, and merits of a high order. It is, in the main, honest, candid, and correct in its statements, as far as it goes; and it is marred by about as little prejudice, whether religious or political, as we could have expected. Catholics are so much accustomed to misrepresentation and abuse that they generally feel grateful for very small favors, and are disposed to thank the writer who is honest enough to tell even a portion of the truth, and to abstain even ever so little from indulging in a rancorous and slanderous spirit. In this candor and exemption from prejudice, our writer is far in advance of—we are sorry to say it—a fair authoress of our own country;† while he compares most advantageously with most of the English travellers in Italy, of whose books we can scarcely speak with proper temper. If we except Mr. Eustace, and, perhaps, a few others with whom we have not been so fortunate as to make an acquaintance, this class of writers has produced little else but malicious libels of Italy, and of every thing Italian; and their malignity has generally increased a hundred-fold when they came to speak of Rome. From the polished Mr. Addison, and the ill-natured and splenetic Samuel Sharpe,* esquire, down to the sneering Lady Morgan and the veritable Mrs. Trollope herself, these gossiping Trollopes of both sexes seem to have vilified and calumniated the Italians in exact proportion to the liberality and kindness universally extended to them in Italy. Nor does this fierce spirit appear to have been softened by the progress of refinement which has softened every thing else. And what is most remarkable about these writers is the fact that, with scarcely an exception, their sympathies are more pagan than Christian. They discourse learnedly, eloquently, and impartially of pagan Rome, the splendid seat of the Cæsars; they have little but contemptuous sneers to bestow on Christian Rome, the no less splendid seat of the popes.

Truly gratified were we to find that our New Yorker had too much taste and good sense to imitate this herd of fashionable libellers. We opened his work with a feeling of impartiality for him, both because he was a fellow-countryman, and because he enters on his task with no pretension, and even with the candid acknowledgment recorded above. Hence, in our rapid review of his production, we are not disposed to be over-censorious, but rather, in accordance with the well known advice of Horace, "not to be offended with a few faults" interspersed with so much that is fraught with real merit. If, as impartial critics, we feel compelled to notice some blemishes of style, a few blunders in point of fact, and an occasional evidence of prejudice, we hope we shall do it in no carping spirit,

*Page 204.

†Miss Waldie, in her "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

*So completely annihilated by *Baretti* in his work on Italy, published at London in 1760, in two vols. 8vo.

but rather with a view to offer to the unknown author a few practical hints for a second edition, to which we hope his work will soon pass. Should these strictures ever meet his eye, we hope they will be received in the same spirit in which they are made. He is probably a young man, and may not disdain to learn something even from one whom he might be inclined to view as an opponent, according to the old maxim, *fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

The style is, in general, easy, fluent, and correct. But the author, with a little more care, might have made it still more elegant and pleasing. There are occasionally expressions which grate rather harshly on ears refined; such as "*to secretly hold*,"* "*ornamental as well*,"† and "can improve *on even nature*."‡ We notice, likewise, a few instances of awkwardness and want of perspicuity in the construction. The author also quotes Byron entirely too much; he should have bethought himself that those quotations have long since become stale, and that writers of taste, especially in England, have for several years past viewed them as no longer admissible.§

With a little more attention and research our New Yorker might have been also somewhat more accurate in his descriptions, as well as in his statements of facts. He appears to have frequently availed himself of a privilege claimed by our countrymen who dwell a little farther north, and to have *guessed* at certain things which he surely should have taken sufficient pains to ascertain with certainty before he ventured on putting them in his book. Thus, speaking of the grand colonnades in front of St. Peter's church, he says: "and the two *semicircles* of the embracing colonnade are formed by *three hundred* columns, forty feet high, sweeping around the *piazza* in quadruple rows, and crowned by colossal statues of saints."‖ There are several inaccuracies in this passage. Those sweeping arches are not semicircular, but elliptical, and the *foci* of the ellipsis are carefully marked on the pavement, so that when the spectator stands at either of those two points the four rows of columns forming the circumference of the ellipsis appear as one. Few *ciceroni* fail to point out this phenomenon to travellers. Again, instead of three hundred, there are two hundred and eighty-four columns, and eighty-eight pilasters, making in all three hundred and seventy-two. We believe also that the columns are more than forty feet high; for the colonnade is eighty Roman palms, or about fifty-three of our feet in height. He might have added that the colonnade is eighty-two palms wide, (about fifty-five feet,) and that it is surmounted by one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, fourteen palms high!*

His Yankee shrewdness, though put in requisition, was still more at fault in regard to Saint Mary Major's, in which he puts nearly twice as many Ionic columns as had been placed there originally by the architects! He might, perhaps, have succeeded much better in calculating the amount of money annually expended by the Romans in purchasing church candles. "A Yankee," he says, "would feel inclined to calculate how much money they burn up every year in church candles. The interior of the *basilica* (of St. Mary Major's) consists of an immense nave, divided from the aisles by *seventy* Ionic columns of white marble."† *Forty* would have been much nearer the mark.‡

Speaking of the ball which surmounts the dome of St. Peter's, he says:

"It is eight feet in diameter, and the guide says that it can hold sixteen people. A prudent man would rather not be one of the sixteen, for with only two friends and myself, it seemed to swag back and forth, and to yield to every gust of wind, and we could readily fancy that the thin sheet of copper of which it is made might easily give way, or that our weight might topple it down from its proud eminence, and make it bound from lantern to dome,

*P. 60. †P. 119. ‡P. 185. §P. 19 *et passim*. ‖P. 12.

*For all these particulars, see *Vasi*—Itinerario Istruttivo di Roma. P. 454. †P. 94. ‡See Vasi's work, *supra*.

and from dome to roof, till it should at last strike the ground, with its precious contents, four hundred and thirty feet below its starting point."*

Now we do not lay claim to any great amount of prudence or courage, yet we can say that, having been one of a party of sixteen who entered the ball together, we entertained none of the apprehensions which tortured the fancy of our shrewd New Yorker; but, on the contrary, we fancied that the brave old ball, which had defied the winds for centuries, might still survive our visit.

While he admits that "the later popes have carefully and judiciously preserved and repaired the tottering walls of the coliseum, and sanctified it from future robberies by consecrating it to the memory of the crowds of Christian martyrs who have perished in the arena," he very unwarrantably, we believe, charges the earlier popes with having united with the Roman nobles and plebeians in stealing materials from it for their palaces and houses.† History will scarcely sustain this assertion. The coliseum was dilapidated partly by time, partly by the barbarians who so often spread desolation through the city, levelling to the ground its proudest monuments, and transforming it into a vast marble wilderness, and partly by the lawless rapacity of certain noble families who long used it as a quarry for erecting their stately palaces. So far from its being true that the popes shared in or even connived at this robbery, we may safely say that it took place in spite of them, and, to a certain extent at least, during their absence at Avignon. The cutting Roman proverb,—"what the *barbarians* did not do, the *Barberini* accomplished,"‡—while it points a well merited satire at a certain noble Roman family, tells us pretty nearly the whole truth about the causes of the present dilapidated condition of that ancient structure.

* P. 23-4. † P. 32-3.

‡ *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.*

We suppose that our author was sometimes egregiously quizzed by certain mischief-loving Roman wags and *ciceroni;* for he tells us some stories which he would scarcely endorse or have us believe. We have occasion to know that there are in Rome, as elsewhere, a good many persons who like to play such tricks on travellers, especially when they fancy that they have found one a little verdant. Some of the Italian *ciceroni,* in particular, seem to be under the impression that their services are enhanced in value in proportion to the marvels they are able to disclose to their wondering employers, yet, when alone with their own set, chuckle heartily over the credulity that swallowed their stories. We suppose it was some such a wag as this who recounted to our New Yorker the story which he has carefully put down in his book, about the Roman prince who, having been long in the habit of pelting the Jews with stones, was requested by the pope to pelt them rather with fruits or nuts, which recommendation he thought he complied with to the letter by pelting them thenceforth with the *cones of pine trees!**

On the same principle we may, perhaps, explain the saying of the waiter at a Roman *caf*è, in relation to the Jews of Rome: "Oh, they are very nice people; I can hit them a good rap on the head, and they never say a word back."† But we are really at a loss to account for the fact that one so shrewd as our New Yorker should have been really led to believe that the Romans suppose all the Americans to be negroes! The grounds of his belief are contained in the following humorous passage, in which he speaks of a young lady whom he met by chance in a crowd assembled at Christmas near the church of *San Luigi dei Francesi.*

"She flattered my progress in Italian by guessing (!) me to be a Florentine, but expanded her immense black eyes to an inconceivable size, when she heard that

* P. 140. A very hard fruit growing on the pine. † P. 141.

I was from America, and exclaimed, '*Holy Virgin! you are as white as I am!*' In truth I was rather whiter; but we are here *generally supposed* to be negroes; and the *caf*è *Americano,* in the *Piazza di Spagna,* has an emblem of our country painted on its sign, in the head of a *black-amoor,* with woolly hair, flat nose, and Ethiopian lips."*

That same *caf*è, or another of the same name, was located in another part of the city altogether but a few years ago, though we really can not recollect having ever seen or even heard of that remarkable sign. One thing we do know full well—that the Romans do not *generally suppose* us to be Ethiopians.

We suppose we may set down in the category of blunders the assertion made by our author, that the Vatican contains "more than *four thousand* rooms,"† unless indeed that *more* is made to have a very wide signification;—for we have seen it stated, on what we supposed good authority, that it contains more than double that number: as also the statement that the famous Greek MS. Bible preserved in the Vatican library dates back only to the *sixth* century;‡ we thought it was considered as old as the *fourth,* having been written out about the time of the first general council held at Nice in 325. We are even inclined to suspect that our author was a little too credulous when he believed, not from his own observation, which might easily have assured him of the real state of the case, but on the authority of a "lynx-eyed sculptor" whom he perhaps never saw, that the marks supposed to have been left on a stone at the spot where Christ met St. Peter retreating from martyrdom, are those of *two right feet;* and that of course all the world was deceived for centuries by a very clumsy imposture, until this "lynx-eyed sculptor"—more "lynx-eyed" probably than Michael Angelo himself—happened to discover what no one had ever before even suspected§

Our author, however, makes some atonement for his occasional blunders, by telling us, in the most good-natured way imaginable, of some laughable mistakes into which he was betrayed in the article of eatables, in which a Yankee is seldom at fault. We give the following extract:

"There is, however, much uncertainty in this practical course of study, for in my self-instructing experiments, I once ordered *cucuzzole ripiene,* and it proved to be a stuffed gourd! Another day I had been looking at some ancient columns of *Cipollino* marble, and afterwards finding the same name in the dinner list, I called for it from curiosity, remembering that Franklin had made saw-dust pudding, and thinking that the Romans might, perhaps, make marble-dust pie, but the *Cipollino* appeared in the form of fried onions! It was thus that I initiated myself into the mysteries of the Italian kitchen, and you may now profit by my experience."*

Had he taken as much pains, and gone through as many "self-instructing experiments," he might have been much better initiated in the higher mysteries of Roman manners, faith, and worship. He would then probably have found out, what we are confident every intelligent inhabitant of Rome already knew, that the "mission" given three times a year to the Jews' dwelling in the Ghetto† consists of something more than that procession of "hideous ghosts," chanting in lugubrious strains, and sometimes "bursting out into a yell worse than any Indian war-whoop," which he so graphically describes.‡ Had he taken the trouble to ask any of the old or young women or children living in that quarter of the city, they would have informed him, probably with an air of wonder at his ignorance, that the procession which so dreadfully shocked his nerves, was but the preparation for the "mission" which consisted of prayers for the conversion of the Jews, the regular service of the church offered up for the same purpose, and eloquent discourses delivered by zealous and able men to reclaim them from the error of their way. And the

*P. 94. †P. 67. ‡P. 74. §P. 60.

*P. 128.
†The quarter inhabited by the Jews of Rome.
‡P. 142.

numerous yearly conversions in Rome even of that obdurate and stiff-necked race, effected under God by the means just indicated, prove that, instead of "being more likely to frighten children into fits than to entice the Jews to conversion," they are admirably suited to that end. The Jews of Rome are, in fact, better treated than they are any where else on the continent of Europe; and this truth is the basis of the current proverb: "Rome is the paradise of Jews."* The inscription from Isaiah,—which by the way is placed *opposite*, and not *beside* one of the gates of the Hebrew quarter, and which is, if our memory serve us, also given in Latin as well as in Hebrew, though in both these particulars our author seems to think differently,—is rather a solemn admonition to this rebellious people, than any evidence of a wish "to add insult to injury."†

If our readers should be inclined to think that, in noticing all these things, we are insisting too much on trifles, we hope they will form a different opinion of what follows. And first we will say a word on the subjoined extract:

"At the extreme end of the church (St. Peter's) four colossal statues, representing the principal doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, support a lofty throne and canopy of bronze, within which is preserved the patriarchal chair of St. Peter himself. It is shown to the people only for a moment, on great festivals, and is venerated by them as a true relic of the prince of the apostles; but unbelievers whisper that when the heretical French had possession of the city they found on the chair the Arabic inscription, 'There is but one God, and *Mahomet* is his prophet!' This makes it probable that the chair was brought from Palestine by some of the early crusaders."‡

We believe it was Lady Morgan who first gave currency to this stupid and unfounded story, which, though triumphantly refuted by Dr. Wiseman and others, is still circulated and *believed* by those who would fain tax Catholics with excessive credulity! The chair upon which the "heretical French" discovered the inscription given above was at Venice and not at Rome; in St. Mark's church, and not in St. Peter's: and we suppose this makes a slight difference, especially as it was well known that that Venitian chair was presented to the church by one of the doges who had received it from the east. But yet Lady Morgan's fabrication was too good to be lost.*

We have likewise reason to complain of an unworthy prejudice against our church, which peeps out occasionally from our New Yorker's pages. Thus he devotes one section to the following very homogeneous subjects indicated in the title prefixed: "Cardinals, monks, beggars, and robbers!" An appropriate juxtaposition truly, and in admirable taste! Again, speaking of the erection by the sovereign pontiffs of the stations of the cross around the arena of the coliseum, and of the inducements they have thus held out to the faithful to visit the spot as consecrated to the memory of Christ crucified, and of those countless Christian martyrs who here poured out their blood for his sake, he says:

"The pontiffs did not consider that this *tasteless obtrusion*, on such a scene, of the symbols of the *present religion* of the city, might sometimes lead the spectator to contrast the modern Romans with their ancestors, and perhaps to attribute part of their present degradation to the influence of the *superstitions* (!) *which are here so palpably thrust upon them.* Although the crimes and cruelties of the ancient Romans made their fall merited, yet their grandeur half excuses (!) their enormity."†

We scarcely know which predominates more in this passage, its utter want of taste, or its downright paganism. The author appears himself to have had some

* Roma e il paradiso dei Judei.

† Our author is, we believe, slightly inaccurate in giving the inscription. In Latin it is as rendered by St. Paul (Romans x, 21): "Tota die expandi manus meas ad populum non credentem et contradicentem: all the day long I stretched forth my hands to a people unbelieving and contradicting *me*." Isaiah lxv, 2. ‡ P. 15-6.

* See Dr. Wiseman's pamphlet in reply to Lady Morgan, in which he clearly and fully refutes her false statement. † P. 33.

misgivings, for before he had got fairly to the end of his account of the fierce bloodthirstiness and remorseless cruelty of the old Roman *plebs*, so often exhibited on this very spot in their frantic shouts for the blood of the Christians, he came to the conclusion that the change which he had so severely censured on the preceding page was all for the better.

"But a *thousand* (he probably means *fifteen hundred*) years have purified the arena, and looking with the eyes of reality in the place of those of fancy, I saw only a procession of veiled nuns, with slow steps, pass unmolested through the arena, each in turn stopping at the cross in the centre, to say a prayer for the souls of the martyred,* and to give the kiss which secured the promised 'indulgence.' *The warmest admirer of antiquity must confess that the change is much for the better,*"† &c.

We might set down the following under the head, "elegant extracts."

"As it (the holy cradle) passed, every one dropped on *their* [bad grammar] knees, and the soldiers and the priests, *the two great nuisances of Rome*, were strangely intermixed in picturesque confusion."‡

Our author thinks that "the faults of the Romans are mostly due to their government; their good qualities to themselves."§ This may be in part true; and we think ourselves that the papal government, like all other very old systems of civil polity, might be much improved; and we know that the present pontiff has made a strong effort to do so by publishing a revised and greatly improved edition of the municipal laws.‖ As to the late opposition of the papal government to the construction, by a foreign company, of a railroad from Rome to Civitâ Vecchea, one of its Mediterranean ports, and the alleged discouragement by it of foreign intercourse and of commerce with foreign nations,¶ it may be all censurable enough in a political point of view; at least we would not undertake, with any hope of success, to persuade our bustling, *go-ahead* countrymen to the contrary. We might tell them indeed that the popes have been compelled by bitter experience to distrust foreign interference, especially the intermeddling policy of England, which has already enslaved so many nations too feeble or unwise to resist its machinations. If Rome did not wish to charter the railroad company, it was probably because of her aversion to a monoply which might have enriched the few at the expense of the many, and would have deprived of their daily bread very many who lived by following the road as carriers; if she be not zealous to encourage foreign commerce, it may be that she does not need it, and that it would injure her home market, which is already amply provided for. It is a remarkable fact that provisions at Rome and throughout Italy are much cheaper, if not more abundant, than in England with all its overgrown monopolies and boundless commerce, and that the poorer classes are much more cheerful and live more comfortably and longer in the former than in the latter country. The poorest people in Italy can always procure abundance of bread, wine, oil, and cheese, the great staple products of the country. Is it so in England? Is it so especially in misgoverned and starving Ireland?

We are aware that these arguments will not at all convince our countrymen, who like so much to hear the puff of the steamboat and locomotive, and who are scarcely at *rest* unless they be in *motion* as fast as steam can carry them. They never can understand why other people should not be as active and "go-ahead" as rapidly as themselves; but they ought to reflect that old governments, like old people, do not usually move with as much agility or rapidity as young ones. Besides, Rome should not be judged by the same standard as New York or London. If Rome were in the hands of the New Yorkers for but half a century, our word for it, it would at the end of that short period be worse de-

* This betrays a woful ignorance of Catholic doctrine. Catholics never pray for the souls of "the martyred," and the veriest old woman in Rome could have told our author so.

† P. 34. ‡ P. 95. § P. 194.

‖ Comprised in no less than *thirty* thin octavo volumes. ¶ P. 194.

secrated than it has ever been by Goth or Vandal in the long lapse of centuries. Its ancient monuments would probably disappear altogether in order that they might not cumber the ground nor thwart the speculations in up-town lots; its most valuable paintings and statues might be sold for large sums in order that the amount might be invested more profitably in commerce; its palaces would be turned into warehouses, and its studios into shops for the Wall street brokers; perhaps the rotunda itself might become a town hall, and even St. Peter's be desecrated into a state house, and the coliseum into a place for mass meetings:* in short, mammon would riot over the ruin of all that is most beautiful, magnificent, and precious in the "eternal city," and the desecration would be justified by the onward spirit of the age!

The impartial traveller should never lose sight of the fact that Rome is the capital of Christendom, a religious more than a commercial city. And it is highly honorable to the Romans that they think more of the other world than of this, more of their three hundred and sixty beautiful churches, than of their banks or shops. Rome is, in a certain sense, the great cloister of Catholicity, the austere and essentially unearthly city, with her austerity, however, blended with majesty and tempered by mildness. She is very appropriately placed in the centre of the dreary Campagna; for environs smiling with verdure would as ill become her gravity, as the din, workshops and smoky atmosphere of Birmingham. She is like an oasis in the desert, or like a bright jewel which receives additional lustre from its dark foil. Her purity would be sullied by the foul breath of modern mammonism, and her majestic genius would fly shrieking away from her classic ruins before the first blast of steam or the deafening noise of machinery. Her attribute of the great monumental city would be then torn from her escutcheon; and along with the spirit of the antique she would lose her very individuality, her identity itself. She would be no longer the grand mausoleum of the illustrious dead, nor the gigantic museum of ancient arts and monuments. Her monumental arches of Titus and Constantine, one of them marking the period of the fall of Judaism, and the other that of the great triumph of Christianity after centuries of bloody persecution, might no longer stand to tell of past revolutions with their voiceless eloquence; nor would the modern Roman be any longer inclined to indulge in the proud boast that his Angelo had lifted up the ancient Pantheon and poised it two hundred feet in the air. Nor would he any longer look up to Saints Peter and Paul as the founders of the modern city as truly as were Romulus and Remus of the ancient, and by means much more hallowed, because unstained with blood or rapine. The latter were suckled by the wolf, emblematic of the fierce and blood thirsty character of ancient Rome; the former were nourished with the mystic manna from heaven, and feasted on the Lamb, a fit emblem of the characteristic meekness and mildness of the modern Christian capital.

Much do we regret that our author did not approach his subject with some such expanded ideas as these. In visiting Rome, he should have put off the spirit of a New Yorker, or even of a Byron, and have put on that of a Chateaubriand or a Geramb. He should have gone rather as an humble pilgrim, than as a sight-seeing, fault-finding and guessing traveller. Then would he have been much better able to appreciate many things which he evidently did not understand; and he would have written a book more worthy his lofty theme. From his apparent candor and the proofs he gives us of his habitual disposition to be fair and impartial as far as might be, we incline to the opinion that he certainly could have written a work of this character.

* Our author tells us of a New Yorker whose first exclamation on seeing the coliseum was: What a place for a mass meeting!

But we now cheerfully dismiss his faults, and turn to his excellencies; and we will present some extracts which afforded us unmingled pleasure in their perusal, as being marked by truth and candor, obtaining the mastery over error and prejudice. Many of these passages are honorable to his head and heart, and prove him to be a man of considerable shrewdness and discrimination. Some of them embody reflections which we have seen in no previous American or English writer on Rome; while others contain avowals which are very valuable, as coming from a Protestant who often is at little pains to conceal his prejudice.

He pays the following tribute to the artistic genius of modern Italy, and to the liberality of the Roman government in making no discrimination between natives and foreigners in its award of monumental honors: he is speaking of a wing of the modern Capitol:

"On its ground floor eight rooms are filled with a series of busts of the most illustrious poets, painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, and musicians of modern Italy, and a native's breast must swell with pride when he looks at the long and honorable array. In *the first room* are six busts of *eminent foreigners*, whose genius was considered naturalized by their long residence in Rome; and among them, if his future progress be commensurate with the rank which he has already attained, may hereafter be found the bust of our own sculptor, Crawford."*

In another place† he furnishes us with an extract from a Roman paper in which Crawford is highly eulogized, as well as the country which gave him birth.

"We hope very soon," says this journal, "to learn that the country of this *valorous* sculptor, which raises so many monuments worthy of her power, has made use of the chisel of this young man to honor some of his fellow citizens, and at the same time herself; and that she has thus shown herself successful *above every other nation*, while it is given to her to exalt with honors and rewards the living who render her glorious, and at the same time to procure by the arts immortality for the dead."*

He gives us a very graphic and beautiful sketch of another illustrious foreigner, the German Overbeck, supposed by many to be the first painter in the world, at least since the death of Baron Camuccini.

"First among the painters is *Overbeck*, the German Raphael, or rather Perugins; for he condemns the *later* manner of the prince of painters, and says, 'when Raphael forsook Perugins, God forsook Raphael.' Another apothegm attributed to him, is that 'no one can be a good painter who is not also a good man.' His own practice realizes his theory. He is a most devout Catholic, and consecrates all his genius to religious subjects, which he treats with the utmost purity and elevation of style, and with a simplicity and freshness which appeal directly to the heart. His studio (in the old Cenci palace) is open to visiters on Sundays for an hour in the afternoon, and each of his pictures preaches an eloquent sermon. He receives you with extreme courtesy, but you feel hushed into reverence by his gracious, introspective, and *saint-like* countenance. 'Himself the great original he draws,' he 'looks into his heart,' and paints. Upon his easel, at my first visit, stood a pencil cartoon of 'Christ reproving the Pharisees,' and the ideal propriety of expression was faultlessly perfect. As I examined the picture, Overbeck stood beside me, gazing earnestly on it, with clasped hands and parted lips, as if he was wholly absorbed in the subject."†

He admits the utility of paintings in churches in the following passage, in which he is speaking of the gallery of the Capitol:

"Many of the pictures are specimens of the early schools of art, hard and formal, yet possessing much simple sweetness. Most of this class are taken from old churches, in which they served as altar-pieces, or as decorations, preserving there the semblances of the saints, and *telling on the walls the stories of sacred history for the benefit of the pious unlearned, who could read them only when thus narrated in this universal language.*"‡

Of the beauty and splendid decorations of the Italian churches he bears the following honorable testimony:

*P. 38. †P. 191.

*Il Tiberino; Giornale Artistico. 17 Feb. 1840.
†P. 179-80. ‡P. 40.

"The readers of travels in Italy become heartily tired of the churches, which are so often commended to their admiration, but they should charitably call to mind that these edifices constitute a very large proportion of the intellectual food of the traveller. Little would need be said of them, if they were *such bare and tasteless barns* as are too many of the houses of worship in America, but in Italy the highest genius of the best architects, sculptors, and painters, has lavished on them centuries of its poetic labors. Kings have left their own palaces unfinished, and devoted their revenues to adorn the abode of the King of kings. The finest minds of the nation have left their impress on these shrines of magnificence; the noblest conceptions of the architect—that poet in stone—have been here imbodied; the painter has summoned his highest skill when called upon to represent some touching event in sacred history for the instruction and improvement of the unlearned devout; the sculptor has here left his masterpieces in the statues of the great men, heroes, divines and poets—who lie beneath the marble pavement; and every church thus becomes an interesting volume in the history of the past, recording the great deeds of mind as well as of body. The churches of all Catholic countries are generally in the form of a cross.* At the extreme end is the high altar, and along the sides are ranged smaller ones (dedicated to various saints), over each of which hangs a sacred picture, oftentimes a masterpiece of art. No pews or benches cumber the marble pavement, but a few chairs are clustered before the altars. THE CHURCHES ARE NEVER CLOSED AGAINST WORSHIPPERS, AND ENTER THEM AT WHAT HOUR YOU MAY, YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND SOME DEVOTEES KNEELING BEFORE THEIR FAVORITE ALTARS, AND SEEMINGLY ABSORBED IN THEIR PRAYERS. They are generally old women of the poorer class—for those who find little enjoyment in this world naturally seek for it in another; (!) but at high mass ladies of the highest wealth and birth kneel on the pavement beside the beggar; and at other times a fierce looking man is often seen prostrating himself on the altar steps, and apparently repenting most sincerely of some great crime." †

This is saying a great deal for the vital piety and religion of the Romans, much more, we venture to say, than could be said even by a Protestant in favor of the piety of any Protestant country in the world, our own not excepted. And we can testify, from our own observation during a residence of more than four years in Rome, that the above statement, far from being exaggerated, falls very much short of the truth. Daily devotion in the churches is not confined to pious old ladies and fierce looking men; it pervades all classes and grades of society.

The Romans are as charitable as they are pious, as the following extract shows:

"But even admitting the faults of the Roman people to be as great and as numerous as their worst detractors charge, they would be made pardonable by their warm hearted *charity*, 'which covereth a multitude of sins.' Their practical benevolence surpasses that of any other nation. The many poor among them share their mite with the poorer; the very beggar who has been fortunate in his alms-seeking, divides his gains with his less lucky comrade; the rich bestow bounteous and systematic charity; and the number and magnificence of charitable establishments for the relief of suffering humanity are unapproached in any other country of Europe. Hospitals for every form of disease, and for all classes of the wretched, abound in every city, and their inmates are zealously and kindly tended by self-sacrificing sisters of charity, who devote themselves to these painful duties, in the just belief that they are thus rendering the most acceptable religious service. Other charitable offices are performed by various confraternities, similar to the *misericordia* of Florence. Of these, one secretly sends relief to needy but respectable families; another pays off oppressive debts, contracted by the honest poor in times of sickness and accident; another relieves friendless prisoners; another seeks out the sick poor; and another still, when all other benevolent exertions have proved faithless, carries the dead with decent ceremony to the grave. When we find the feelings which prompt these manifold acts of kindness, extending through every class, we can pardon them their transgressions of some other points of the moral law." *

Most travellers in Italy complain of the

*Rather doubtful—the existence of lateral chapels does not always prove this.

†P. 45, 46.

*P. 200, 201.

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY,

annoyance occasioned by beggars; but had they as much charity as the Italians would seem to possess from the above testimony, they would not be so much annoyed at being asked for an alms in the usual humble and religious manner of the Italian beggars, who always approach you asking a pittance "*per l'amor di Dio*—for the love of God." There is this difference between the Italians and some other *more enlightened* nations, that whereas the former allow the poor to enjoy their personal freedom, and to seek, if they choose, relief from the well known and exhaustless charity of the public, the latter immerse them in poor-houses, as if poverty were a crime! Our New Yorker joins in the general outcry against mendicants; but we were almost gratified to find that he was annoyed by English and American, as well as by Roman beggars, and this in Rome itself! * It seems that English and American adventurers in Italy not unfrequently attempt to levy contributions on their countrymen in this way, and sometimes under false pretexts. We knew of one such case ourselves, in which the mendicant was a New Yorker. Our author did not, it seems, chance to fall in with the merry Roman beggar, who, on being refused an alms under the usual form—"*non c'è, caro mio*—I have nothing, my dear sir,"—exclaimed, laughing, "I wish I had been born in one of your pockets!" But in the following passage we recognise another old acquaintance, pretty faithfully drawn, with the exception, perhaps, of the decorations borrowed from dame rumor:

"Many of them have regular stations, and the grand flight of steps leading up to the *Trinità dei monti* is occupied by a jolly old fellow, who runs about the landing places on his hands and knees, to which are strapped pieces of wood. He bids a cheerful good morning to every one who comes down or up the *scala*, and clatters up to them † on his wooden shod extremities, expressing his pleasure that they are going to have such a fine day to see the beautiful city, and finishing his gossip with the laughing inquiry, 'and how much is your generous excellency going to give me this morning?' Half a cent makes him very contented, and he will readily change a whole one, returning a half cent with profuse thanks. He is said to have become quite rich at this business, and to have lately given his daughter a wedding portion of five hundred dollars."*

Speaking of the Italian wines, our author makes a very judicious remark, which has often struck us with great force, as to the influence of their general use on the great cause of temperance. Drunkenness is a vice almost unknown in France, Spain, Italy, and other wine countries; and we have no doubt that this circumstance, together with the greater cheerfulness and sociability of the people, is owing in a great measure to the general use of wine, not so much as a beverage as an article of diet. He says:

"The great cause of temperance among us would receive extensive and permanent benefit from the cheap manufacture, from our native grapes, of similar beverages, as harmless, if not beneficial, in their effects, as they are agreeable in their flavor."†

He admits also—though we really can not award him much credit for the admission—that "the monasteries were the asylums of learning during the dark (!) ages;" and adds: "Nothing has been made in vain—not even monks—and few bodies of laymen have left behind them more titles to the gratitude of posterity than the much abused wearers of the monastic robe and cowl." Of the mendicant friars he does not entertain so high an opinion, though he admits that "they conduct themselves with extreme outward propriety, and are seldom seen in the streets after dark, or in any place of public amusement;" and that "though much is said of their immorality, nothing is proven."‡ One would think that Christians, and especially charitable ones, should not charge on others crimes of a

*P. 159-60. † Another grammatical error.

*P. 158-9. †P. 129. ‡P. 154-5

grievous nature, without sufficient proof, and on mere suspicion; yet the contrary practice prevails to a deplorable extent, and this is precisely the reason why most of our fashionable books of travels paint Catholic countries in colors so dark and hideous.

Our New Yorker devotes a chapter to the Vatican, of which he furnishes us with perhaps as good an account as could have been given in so contracted a space.

"By the side of St. Peter's," he says, "stands the vatican palace; and it is a worthy companion of the great cathedral, not so much for its architecture, or its extent, ... as for its unparalleled collections of sculpture and painting. The statues from Greece and ancient Rome, the antique sarcophagi, vases, candelabra, altars, and inscriptions, the paintings of the 'divine Raphael,' and the like, here fill galleries, saloons, halls, and temples, worthy of the priceless treasures, and have all been collected into this focus of splendor by the liberality and taste of successive popes, who have thus made the vatican even more famous as a metropolis of art, than it was in former days as the spiritual forge from which were fulminated the terrible bulls against heresies and insubordination, which 'with fear of change perplexed monarchs.'"*

Were all these invaluable treasures to be found in England or America, no one would probably be admitted to see them unless on condition of paying a good round sum for admittance. Thanks to the liberality of the papal government, and to the fact that it has not advanced so rapidly as its neighbors in the golden career of enlightenment, this is not the case at Rome, nor in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. The curious traveller may visit all the churches, palaces, villas, libraries and museums of Rome, without paying one dollar. Thus the vatican museum, decidedly the richest and first in the world, is thrown open to the public on the evenings of two days in each week, Mondays and Thursdays. In the magnificent villa Borghese there is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

"The guardian of the villa Borghese makes this proclamation. Whoever thou art, if free, do not here fear the shackles of the law. *Go where thou wilt, seek what thou wishest, depart when thou pleasest. These things are prepared for strangers rather than the master.* He forbids me to impose severe restrictions on a well-mannered guest. Let good intents here be the only laws for a friend. But if any one wilfully, knowingly, maliciously, should break the golden laws of urbanity, let him beware lest the provoked keeper should in turn break his *tessera* of friendship."*

If one of the haughty English aristocracy, or even if one of our own nobility of wealth and rank should issue any such proclamation as this, how we would all stare, and how unmeasured the strains in which his praises would be sounded by every mouth! It would, indeed, be a moral phenomenon; a refreshing exception to the iron hearted mammonism which freezes the sympathies, withers the feelings, and crushes the very heart of our *enlightened* age.

Our author says that, with the exception of theological study and its cognate branches, "every other species of knowledge is not merely neglected, but positively discouraged;"† yet, in almost the same breath, he admits that "instruction in the mere elements of knowledge — reading, writing, arithmetic — and religion is indeed bestowed on the people with great copiousness, since in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, (nearer one hundred and sixty thousand,) there are *three hundred and eighty primary schools,* which employ four hundred and eighty teachers, and receive fourteen thousand scholars;"‡ and he might have added that Rome has, moreover, twenty-four colleges, one university, and many excellent schools of the fine arts. He attempts to explain away this palpable contradiction between his theory and his facts, by the assertion that those schools are "under the direction of the priesthood," who take

*P. 67.

*P. 167. †P. 195. ‡P. 196.

this singular means to discourage learning and keep the people in ignorance!

Of the present pope he says:

"His holiness, Gregory XVI, is an old man of seventy-eight, with very white hair, and a rubicund face, from which projects a long and red truly *Roman** nose. His benevolence, learning, and honesty of purpose, have secured to him the love and respect of the people in an unusual degree, but he is too feeble and infirm to hope to enjoy it much longer. As he entered he blessed us all, making the sign of the cross in the air with his finger, kneeled a moment before the altar, and was then assisted to mount his episcopal throne..... Each of the cardinals in turn, with their trains unfolded by their valets, slowly walked up to the pope, kissed his hand (not his toe), and returned to their seats. Then followed the music of the famous Sixtine choir, unparalleled in any other part of the world."†

Of the cardinals he says:

"There are seventy cardinals,‡ most of whom were present, and displayed a venerable array of grave, intellectual heads, framed, as it were, in their gorgeous vestments. § ..... Most of them are of a highly dignified and noble presence, but among them was a small, quick moving personage, with a face full of queer knobs and angles, who was pointed out to me as Cardinal Mezzofanti, the most accomplished linguist in the world. He is said to be master of an incredible number of languages, and he speaks English, the most difficult of all, with wonderful correctness. His words are each uttered separately with the most perfect precision, though he says that his only teacher has been Sheridan's Pronouncing Dictionary, and it is by the cadences of his sentences alone that he can be detected as a foreigner."‖

We can confirm these statements, and we are quite sure that if our author had chanced to make the acquaintance of Cardinal Mezzofanti, his opinion of his prodigious talents would have been even increased.

We had marked several other passages for quotation or animadversion; but we have already transcended our prescribed limits, and we close our notice with the concluding remarks of the author, which contain a sort of *resumè* of his work. If he will condescend to correct the more palpable faults of his book, and to extend somewhat those portions of it which are most correct, and valuable, and creditable to himself, we shall welcome with pleasure a second edition.

"We have now concluded our survey of the leading objects of curiosity in the eternal city; and, superficial as it has necessarily been, we may yet readily conceive how *each day, which an American passes in Rome, adds a year to his intellectual life.* He comes from a world discovered only three and a half centuries ago, to a city the history of which goes back twenty-six hundred years, and which has impressed its characteristics in each epoch of that long period upon still existing reliques, scattered over the vast area once covered by its monuments. Every where he is met by thrilling memorials of great events, which he had read of in childhood, as of things of another world. Each day is crowded with incidents; and the differences of customs, and the power of associations, lend a charm to even the most common place occurrences. He finds the flood of new ideas so copious and rushing as to be actually oppressive. His mind is stimulated and heated almost to the excitement of fever. Even in the churches he can not find relaxation; for the striking ceremonies of the ritual are inconceivably powerful in impressing the soul through the eye and the ear. If he enters even when the altars are deserted by their officiating ministers, his eye will be caught and his admiration aroused by some masterpiece of painting. The fine arts, whose trophies meet him every where, indeed create in him a new sense; and, far from palling on his appetite, their beauty grows more and more upon him as his acquaintance with them increases, till they become at last so indispensable to his enjoyment, that their want leaves an aching void in his daily life. The noble language, too, is no small item among his minor pleasures, and he learns to love its very sound, as with a personal affection. The attributes of the people harmonize with it, and he receives constant and exquisite gratification from the general development of beauty and grace, which is an almost universal result of that innate sensitiveness to their elements and their effects, which pervades all ranks.

* We believe his nose is neither peculiarly *red* nor *Roman*.
† P. 92.
‡ When there are no vacant hats.—Ed.
§ P. 91.
‖ P. 153.

'With slow, reluctant, amorous delay,' he leaves the paradise of taste, and, although he has learned to prize more highly than ever the political and religious privileges of his own free land, still, when he calls to mind the proud memories which have been inherited by the Romans—the bounties lavished by nature upon their lovely country—the genius and beauty which seem their birthright—what they have been and what they may again be, and, beyond all doubt, eventually will be—he is tempted to exclaim, in imitation of Alexander to Diogenes, 'If I were not an American, I would be a Roman.'"*

* Pp. 204-5.

THE ROMAN PRIMACY.

The Roman Primacy. The True Catholic: Baltimore, December, 1845.

UNDER this head, a correspondent of our neighbor *The True Catholic*, (*utinam!*), reviews at considerable length the recent work of the bishop of Philadelphia in vindication of the primacy of the apostolic see. The editor gives the communication in the "miscellaneous" class, for which he declines being responsible, we know not whether from any secret leaning to the doctrine which is assailed, or from disapproval of the mode of attack. The writer is not entirely free from suspicion of Roman tendencies, since he holds it to be indisputable that each bishop of Rome had authority in the church of God, and he intimates that no one disputes the proposition of Bishop Kenrick, and states that "nearly all that he undertakes to prove may be safely admitted," and seems to regard it superfluous labor to have accumulated such a vast amount of authorities and facts as are spread over 488 pages of closely printed octavo. The Roman episcopate he admits to be of divine institution, which avowal he accompanies by claiming the same origin for all episcopacy: the Roman patriarchate he considers an ecclesiastical arrangement for the more convenient exercise of the episcopal powers: but the papacy fills his imagination with frightful spectres; fiends from the abyss rise before him, and he gives expression to his horror in terms that may create fears for the soundness of his mind.

"The papacy," he cries, "is the devil's happiest device for the corruption of the truth, for the subversion of Christ's kingdom, and for the entire reëstablishment of his own kingdom of darkness."

Loud complaints are made of the want of a definition at the commencement of the work. As the taste for scholastic studies is being revived among the disciples of the Oxford school, it may be regretted that a definition in strict form was not premised: but this the critic thinks would have proved fatal to the undertaking; "a definition in the beginning would have killed the book." Let the reader make the experiment. Suppose the primacy had been declared to be the office of chief bishop in the church of God, could any objection be reasonably made to this definition, or any hindrance thence arise to the array of evidence which is presented? A fuller definition is, in fact, given: "Among the bishops, one presides over the rest to preserve faith in its integrity, to maintain order, and unite all in the bonds of religious communion." This, however, does not satisfy the critic, who, notwithstanding his complaints, discovers another definition on the first page, which to him appears pregnant with treason.

"It is believed," says the author, "that Christ delegated to Peter a governing authority, to be exercised for the benefit of

the church at large, according as the variety of times and places may require."

"This," the reviewer cries, "is the definition of the papal authority, made, not in the middle ages, but in 1845. It is a power absolutely unlimited, except by the capacity to enforce it."

There is, then, no lack of definitions; but one is too vague, the other too comprehensive. He is alarmed, however, without fear. The spectres of the middle ages, which haunt his imagination, have not been conjured up by Bishop Kenrick. The governing authority admits great variety in its exercise, since, in the infancy of the church, it may not be wanting precisely in the same form and degree as in its maturity. It was not equally necessary for the direction of the apostles as of their colleagues and successors. It is not to be employed in the same manner in the founding of churches by missionary bishops as in their government after their organization under a local hierarchy. It is not to be exercised to the same extent when subordinate governments exist, embracing large portions of the general territory, as when these have been swept away by the besom of the destroyer, and the supreme power alone survives, charged with the direct solicitude of all the churches. It is not equally necessary, when local and general councils can be convened, to enact laws and adopt measures for the common interests, as when these are impracticable, in consequence of the rage of persecution, the jealousy of civil rulers, the prevalence of wars, or other hindrance. Its ordinary exercise in times of tranquillity must be far less marked than its extraordinary display at a crisis of unprecedented danger. There was then some occasion for giving a comprehensive definition of a power which must be adequate to every emergency: but there was clearly no design on the part of the author to leave an opening for any undue or extravagant assumption, much less for the usurpation of temporal dominion. In the preceding sentence he had declared the objects to which the authority was necessarily confined, and he elsewhere says: "There is necessarily implied a limitation of the power to the maintenance of truth, virtue, order, and unity."* The means, like the end, must be such as the apostles employed. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to God unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."

The definition of the papal authority made in the council of Florence, and recited in the chapter on papal prerogatives (p. 355), may be transferred to the beginning of the work without any detriment to the proofs detailed in it. But this would scarcely satisfy the critic. It is not enough that the full power of governing the church of God be affirmed to have been given to the Roman pontiff in the person of Peter: all this means nothing, and presents no certain, no defined authority, because its extent and limits are not pointed out with theological precision! According to this view, it can not be proved that a king is an essential part of the British government, until the precise extent of royal prerogative is stated and established. To us it appears that the main point was properly presented for consideration in the first place, and the divine institution of a ruler of the universal church, having all necessary power for its government, was proved before questions of secondary importance were entertained.

The reviewer complains that the bishop makes the issue lie between the papacy and radicalism, and does not present it as between the papacy and Episcopalianism. We shall give him the full benefit of his own statement of this latter system.

"The bishops," he says, "are the equal successors of the apostles, and wherever a bishop is, there is the fulness of this authority. But the church is one, and the authority of each bishop is, therefore, necessarily limited by the equal authority of each bishop. The equality of the

* P. 153.

bishops and the unity of the church necessarily gave to them a mutual visitorial power for heresy or immorality. Other natural results of this equality and unity were provincial and national councils, the representative authority of metropolitans and patriarchs, and a continued correspondence between the several dignitaries of the church."*

This theory might have been presented by Bishop Kenrick as an antagonist system, without embarrassing his defence of the Catholic doctrine. It might, indeed, puzzle his readers to comprehend how bishops endowed with the fulness of apostolic authority were necessarily limited in its exercise by the equal authority of each other. We can understand how they might agree among themselves to exercise their powers within certain limits; but we can not conceive that the limitation of this exercise should necessarily arise from the fact that they equally possessed the same powers. Magistrates in a city might be limited by law to the exercise of the attributes of their office within a certain district or ward; or might agree among themselves on such limits: but if no such limitation be placed by the law or constitution, the fact of there being several invested with like powers, would not confine any one of them to their exercise within any special limits. The right of interfering with another bishop in case of heresy, or immorality, can not exist, if all are equal by the institution of Christ. Zeal may warrant admonition and every charitable effort for the correction of the offending brother; but superior authority is necessary for effectual interposition. Those, then, who maintain the equality and fulness of apostolic power in all bishops, must consider diocesan episcopacy as a matter of amicable arrangement, a human attempt to supply what Christ did not provide for. To imagine it possible to maintain unity of doctrine on such a plan, is an illusion easily dissipated by the notorious fact that it has proved unequal to its maintenance, even in the insular church of England, or in her American daughter. It was surely unnecessary for the author to point to the hollowness of this theory, whilst he demonstrated the solidity and harmony of Catholic authority. "Christ," says Augustin, "commended to us unity in the person of Peter. There were many apostles, but to one he says: 'Feed my sheep.'"†

The inconsistency wherewith Bishop Kenrick is reproached as alleging the exercise of the primacy by Peter in the council of Jerusalem, and apologizing for its non-exercise, will disappear on reading the passage. Its exercise is proved from the cessation of strife as soon as Peter had spoken; wherefore Cave, an Anglican divine, considers him as "the leading character in the council," and Barrow himself can not dissemble the prominent part he took in it, and the ancient fathers, Greek as well as Latin, Tertullian, Chrysostom, Jerom, Theodoret, ascribe the decree to him. For such as think it inconsistent with the prerogative claimed for him, to have his views seconded and carried out practically by a fellow apostle, or to send forth the decree in the name of the whole assembly, Bishop Kenrick remarked that "forms" (not *points*) "are of little importance where the authority is fully respected and admitted." It requires sharp sight to discover in this an apology for the non-exercise of the primacy!

The great effort of this writer is not to combat the doctrinal positions of Bishop Kenrick by fair and manly argument, but to dissemble the force of the proofs, and assume that they only show the exercise of episcopal or patriarchal power, and to divert attention from them by placing in an odious light the views of the author in regard to the acts of the popes in the middle ages. The advantages derived to liberty and humanity from their intervention, which are fully acknowledged by most eminent Protestant writers, are but faintly admitted by the reviewer, who would

*P. 369.

†Serm. xlvi. de pastoribus in Ezech. xxxiv. inter serm. de verbis Domini.

have them regarded as good drawn by Providence out of evil. He refers to page 293 for proof that one of the pontiffs declared it to be a heresy to deny the deposing power. On turning to the passage, we find that it regards the power of excommunicating kings, which is altogether distinct, being an exercise of spiritual authority, to which kings, as well as the lowest of their subjects, are amenable. The privileges of the church of God are proffered to all alike, and their forfeiture is a penalty which may be inflicted on any one of her members who violates the terms of her communion. The social consequences annexed to this spiritual censure, at a time when the Christian nations, bound together in unity of faith, acknowledged the pontiff as father and judge of all, can not be identified with it: whence the most determined opposers of the deposing power have not hesitated to acknowledge the right of the church, by her chief bishop, to exclude from her communion a flagrant delinquent, even adorned with a crown.

In undertaking to solve the problem, how it happened that several pontiffs, eminent for sanctity and learning, pronounced sentence of deposition on sovereigns, Bishop Kenrick has pressed on the footsteps of many learned writers, Protestants as well as Catholics. He has not presented himself as the organ of his colleagues in the episcopate, or claimed for his own views any importance; but with becoming freedom and independence, and with diffidence withal, he has offered a probable solution. In addition to all that has been said of the consent of princes and nations, whereby an adventitious power of a civil kind was insensibly added to the ecclesiastical character of the chief bishop, he conceives that the sentence of deposition, in whatever language it may have been clothed, and with whatsoever temporal sanctions it may have been enforced, was, in the main, a declaration of right, an authoritative judgment on the extent of moral obligations, a decree for the relief and direction of conscience. He has brought the testimony of cotemporary writers to show that the people felt themselves released from their engagements to their sovereigns in consequence of the violation by these of their coronation oath, and that they often rose in arms to dethrone the oppressor, long before the pontiff pronounced the sentence which they eagerly implored. For this reason the author considers the sentence, which was grounded on the facts of each case, as an authoritative declaration that the oath, made in the confidence of royal protection and just government, had ceased to bind. But then, remarks the critic, the right of pronouncing judgment on a moral obligation is inseparable from the office of spiritual chief. It is, indeed, his inalienable prerogative, in conjunction with his colleagues in the episcopate, to declare moral obligations divinely imposed, and to condemn what conflicts with the divine law: but the conventional engagements made among men, and the disputes between the governors and the governed, come under the cognizance of the church only by the act of the parties interested, who in former ages implored that judgment which they now utterly deprecate. The general usage of Christian nations—the highest source of public law—then constituted a special jurisprudence, which has since been repealed and reversed, so that now a peace-tribunal, such as Leibnitz desired might be established in the centre of the Christian commonwealth, is only the day-dream of enthusiasts.

There is nothing in the work on the primacy calculated in the least degree to warrant the imputation of a disposition on the part of the author, or of his colleagues, or of the Catholic body, to admit any foreign intervention in the affairs of our confederacy: there is no principle of Catholic faith or teaching which leads to such admission. The critic has borrowed from his fancy in representing papal intervention between the contending parties of our republic as a consequence of a recognition

of a spiritual chief, and has done gross injustice to Bishop Kenrick in charging him with maintaining such doctrine. When argument fails, vulgar prejudices are appealed to.

"Bands of Jesuit emissaries from this foreign potentate *now* occupy all the prominent positions of our country, preaching the doctrine of papal intervention which Bishop Kenrick has avowed. Hordes of alien emigrants, accustomed to the sway of this power, stand ready to vote the doctrine which the Jesuit preaches. Under such tuition may we not expect to see the national freedom of our institutions vilely caricatured, and the government which our fathers devised converted into the wild dominion of mobs and demagogues?"

In the efforts of the reviewer to gather constructive treason from the work on the primacy, we discover something of the ingenuity of an Irish attorney general endeavoring to prove a constructive conspiracy. It would have shown more confidence in the strength of his cause if he had grappled with the bishop on the main point, and calmly canvassed the evidence adduced to show that an efficient primacy in ecclesiastical government had always been claimed by the bishop of Rome, as of divine right, and had been exercised with the assent of the whole Christian world.

It is time to abate the *odium theologicum*, and canvass controversy with calmness and courtesy. A good example has been set by the Oxford school, who have long since purged out the bitterness of sectarism, and cherished the charities of Christianity even before they were fully disabused of their prejudices. "We should love," says Dr. Pusey, whose letter follows the review of the primacy, "the Roman church, her saints, and holy teachers; prize, if we know it, every thing which is of the Spirit of God in her." Whilst Mr. Newman, and a host of others, with thankfulness for the light that has shone on their minds, kneel to do homage to the successor of the fisherman, it does not become those who have accompanied them almost to the portals of the holy city, to rail at the authority which has won their reverence. Better to pray for increased light, and, in the meantime, to abstain from condemning what is admired by men so pure and so devoted, as the institution of divine wisdom for the unity of the church.

THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.

A BALLAD OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY FRANCIS DIMOND.

Clovis I, the first Christian king of France, succeeded his father Childeric I in the year 481, when he was but fourteen years of age. In 486 he defeated Syagrius, the Roman general, at Soissons. The power of the Romans being thus destroyed, the French found themselves masters of all the provinces situate between the Rhine and the Loire. In 493 Clovis married Clotilda, daughter of Childeric, formerly king of Burgundy. She was a lady eminent for her beauty and goodness, and, being a zealous Christian, used all her influence to induce her warlike husband to become a Christian, but apparently without effect. In 495, on the plains of Tolbiac, twenty-four miles from the city of Cologne, he fought a great battle with the Allemanni, in defence of his kinsman, whose dominions they were ravaging. Being hard pressed, he invoked the God of the Christians, vowing, if he were victorious, that he would become a Christian. He rallied his troops, and obtained a signal victory. In 496 he was baptized with solemn magnificence in the cathedral of Rheims, with three thousand of his subjects, by St. Remigius or Remy. On this occasion St. Remy preached a sermon on Christ's passion. At the most pathetic part of it Clovis is reported to have cried out: "If I had been there with my Franks, this had not happened!"

I.

What moveth all the people
  Of the ancient town of Rheims?
Why towards her old cathedral
  Do they flow in living streams?
To-day we are rejoicing,
  For the leader of the Franks—
The conqueror at Tolbiac—
  Doth join our Christian ranks!

II.

In that fierce battle, when he saw
  The Allemanni proud
Bear down his gallant Salian Franks,
  He prayed to God aloud,
To his beloved Clotilda's God,
  For aid—for victory;
And vowed that, if it were vouchsafed,
  He should a Christian be!

III.

And then he raised his rally shout,
  And spurred his fiery steed,
And through his foes a path he clove,
  With lightning force and speed!
Behind his rallied squadrons come,
  Like whirlwinds, rushing on;
They wheel again, and charge amain,
  'Till victory is won!

IV.

And whether that great victory
  Was granted by our Lord,
Or whether it was sternly won
  By the good Frankish sword,
We wot not well; but this we know,
  For all the people say,
That Clovis with three thousand Franks
  Will join our ranks to-day.

V.

Within that vast cathedral
  A mingled multitude
Of polished Gauls and warlike Franks
  In expectation stood;
In deep and solemn silence stood,
  While from the altar rose
The "Deo Gratias!" in response
  To the last Gospel's close.

VI.

Then from his seat that warrior king,
  With solemn step and slow,
Passed onward to the sacred font,
  Whereat he knelt him low;
And good Saint Remy asked him there:
  "What wouldst thou have with me?"
And Clovis meekly answered him:
  "I would a Christian be!"

VII.

The sacred boon was not withheld;
  The saint baptized him there,
With water and with holy chrism,
  With exorcism and prayer;
And loud the *jubilate* rang,
  And loud the anthem's strain,
As the Christian monarch back was led
  To his lofty seat again.

VIII.

The anthem ceased, and all was still
  Those spacious aisles along;
You might have heard a pin drop there
  Amid that mighty throng;
And all their eyes were upward turned
  To where Saint Remy stood,
Upon the roodloft's sacred height,
  Beside the holy rood.

IX.

And, nailed unto that rood, there hung
The image of our Lord,
As when he, in his agony,
His life—our ransom—poured;
No blood-gouts stained the God-like brow,
As from the thorny crown,
And from the yet unwounded side,
No blood drops trickled down.

X.

It was the dying, not the dead,
That was depicted there;
The lips were slightly parted yet,
As if they murmured prayer;
The eyes were closed, but o'er the brow
The scanning eye might see
A wavy line—the only sign—
That told of agony.

XI.

The form was not the athletic mould
Of gladiator rude:
It spake of peace and gentleness,—
A ministry of good;—
The thin, worn frame—the love that dwelt
Around the deep closed eyes,
Could move in even the hardest hearts
The generous sympathies.

XII.

Meet place it was for minister,
(So thought our sires of old,)
To stand beside the holy rood,
And Gospel truths unfold;
Appealing as from Calvary,
By image and by sign,
That in their moving silence speak
With eloquence divine.

XIII.

Beside the rood Saint Remy stood,
In silence, for a while,—
I said you might a pin drop hear
Throughout the mighty pile,—
Then o'er that deep and solemn hush
His silvery accents stole,
As music o'er a moonlit lake,
Entrancing heart and soul.

XIV.

He spoke of heaven, of paradise;
Of our first parents' fall,
Of their posterity enslaved
In Satan's cruel thrall;
Then, urging on his theme sublime
To our redemption won,
He showed the birth, the life and death
Of Christ, God's blessed Son.

XV.

How men his gracious acts repaid
With base ingratitude,
And scourged and scoffed and spat on him,
And nailed him to the rood;
And yet to all their bitter rage
With meekness he replied;
Invoked forgiveness for them all,
And, murmuring blessings, died!

XVI.

Saint Remy paused—as well he might;
Tears filled his aged eyes,
And all around was heard the sound
Of sobs and bursting sighs!
Strong breasts there shook in agony,
And eyes were filled that day
That ne'er had quailed or wept, I ween,
In storm, or sack, or fray.

XVII.

In sooth it was a moving scene!
That scene—the theme—the hour
Made stout King Clovis' heart to own
The holy teacher's power;
For, when the good Saint Remy paused,
The monarch slowly rose,
His left hand pressed upon his breast,
To still its heaving throes.

XVIII.

His strong and sinewy frame, the while,
Shook with indignant ire,
And from his deep set, fine blue eyes
Shot forth the glancing fire;
And, reckless of the gazing throng
Of paladins and lords,
His gallant soldier zeal found way
In stern and burning words:

XIX.

"Ha! would to God I had been there
With these, my valiant peers!
Our axes good have burst ere now
Through ranks of Roman spears!
To grind to dust that rabble rout;
To form an iron ring
Of strong arms and devoted hearts
Around our Saviour King!

XX.

"To rescue—succor—worship him!
Him on our shields to raise,
As our dear Lord and Suzerain,
Had been a work of praise!
O Christ! thou knowest we would have died
Ere one loved lock were shred,
One single hair! by traitor hands
From thy most sacred head!"

XXI.

In answer to their chief's appeal
Up rose his warlike lords,
And, by the same hot impulse moved,
Drew forth their gleaming swords,
And, for their loud and stern "amen!"
Their swords on bucklers rang,
Till arch and roof and pillared aisle
Sent back the martial clang!

XXII.

The good Saint Remy smiled, and blessed
The generous Frankish blood;
Its keen, quick-springing sympathies
He blessed, and called them good;
He loved—and who would not so love?—
The ardent heart and strong
That burns with ready zeal to bring
The swift redress for wrong.

XXIII.

For, though it need both curb and rein,
Like the strong high-mettled steed,
When gently broke to the Christian yoke,
'Twill serve in fearful need;
But the cold or weak who fears to speak,
When right and justice will,
Like the sorry steed of ignoble breed,
Hath little for good or ill.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., *January 6th*, 1846.

XXIV.

And in those fiery neophytes
Saint Remy's eyes might see
Foreshadowed far, through peace and war,
What their future France should be:
Chivalric France—who raised her lance
The first in the bold crusade,
When the Moslems' brand made the holy land
Appeal to the west for aid!

XXV.

Old Christian France—whose fervent sons
With loftier courage bore
The Holy Word, without spear or sword,
Benighted nations o'er;
And freely 'dewed with their martyr blood
The young, life-giving grain:
The goal they won—their works live on—
They did not live in vain.

XXVI.

And brave "young France" who then will gird
The sword on her children bold,
When the northern czar makes coward war
On women and friars old!
Then couch the lance, chivalric France!
As well for right you may:
Your ancient blood is as warm and good
As it was in Clovis' day!

PÈRE JEAN, OR THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

A CATHOLIC STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER IV.

Night upon the waters.

SEVERAL days were happily passed in this manner, and, although the progress of the party had been regular, the declining sun of the fourth day found them still distant from the sheltering walls of Montreal. As they were now in the most dangerous portion of their passage between the two forts, it was determined not to land, but to continue their voyage during the night; the Indians relieving each other at the paddle, and snatching a moment's repose, while the canoes proceeded slowly, and with diminished force, up the river.

Stretching themselves upon the bottom of the canoes, Father Laval and René Bourdoise prepared to sleep, having committed themselves to the keeping of God. The novice had already become in a manner accustomed to the novelty of his situation, and its danger from familiarity began to lose the terror which it had at first possessed. Sleep soon closed his eyes, for his heart was pure, and he had learned to look on death too long in the stern training of the Christian soldier to dread his approach, come apparelled as he might.

Even reflecting upon life the Jesuit is

taught to look to its last end, to value it as a means, worthless in itself, priceless when laid down to purchase immortal bliss. Death has no pangs for him; for him it can not sever any earthly ties; the only tie that binds him to this earth leads through the portals of the tomb to heaven. Those gates, to most men so dark and gloomy, are but the triumphal arch through which he shall pass when the victory over sin and hell is won for him. Constant meditation has cooled his passions, stemmed their rapid flow, and taught him well the utter worthlessness of earthly pride and pleasures and possessions. He follows the command of the Saviour to the youth who sought the rule of perfection. He strips himself of earthly riches. He is ready then to go forth upon the world, without staff or scrip or raiment, to do God's work, prepared for life or death in obedience to the will of his divine Master.

Calmly and sweetly, trusting in the loving care of the mother under whose powerful intercession he had placed himself, the novice slept the sleep of youth. Soft tones, old and fond remembrances, kind voices and familiar names seemed once more to mingle in his slumbering sense, with the light murmur of the rippling wave and the low music of the zephyr that fanned his cheek. Dear faces beamed upon him. He sat again beside the well worn and familiar hearth, and his gray-haired father smiled once more upon the son he loved, the son of his old age vowed to the service of his God. For such was the youthful René: from childhood dedicated to the altar, breathing the pure atmosphere of its unpolluted precincts, conscious even in his father's house and in his early years of the solemn duty which lay before him for his future life. Sweetly came the recollection of his childhood's home, and those dear old faces, with their beaming smiles, melting from beneath the frosts of years, of stern study and deep holy meditation, which had schooled his heart into higher, nobler thought, of sweeter, purer love—love to the Father of all fathers, engrossing and sublimating all true love in his young heart. But now in dreams fondly retracing many a thousand league, and many a toilsome year, the human spirit, true to its human nature, back to its old affections and its mortal ties went hurrying—but not forgetful of its own heavenward destiny. It was pure happiness, pure infantile joy, such as in childhood he had felt—for now it seemed to him that once again he was a child—a thoughtless, gay, and cheerful child—without a care, without a fear, with no responsibility and with no feeling but of the present moment. The waters of the flowing river murmured in his ear, and fancy broke the changeless sound into some sweet old melody once sung to him by fond maternal lips. The light but quivering stroke of the bending paddle, swaying the fragile bark, and its soft and gentle motion as it cut the waters, rocked him sweetly till he lay like an infant slumbering on its mother's breast. Thus slept the youthful novice.

Father Laval had more care upon his mind, and it was long before he gave way to the weariness that hung upon his eyelids. He felt that the critical hour had arrived; for if the company once reached Montreal and commenced to ascend the Ottawa, there was less danger of being attacked by a force more powerful than their own. At length he too composed himself to slumber, confiding himself to the protection of an all-seeing God.

As leader of the party, Ahasistari, insensible to fatigue when the safety of his charge might be at issue, watched all night. To the enduring nature of the Indian this was little, and his band only sought occasional repose, in order that a portion might be fresh and prepared for any event. From the prow of his canoe, which had drawn from the rear to the head of the line, the chief scanned, with keen and watchful eye, either shore of the river as they ascended. But all nature slept, and it seemed as if with nature even the fell heart of man was at rest. No mark or

trace of an enemy met his eye; for even in the dim light of the stars the wondrous sense of an Indian warrior might detect the presence of his foe, and the slightest sound, the breaking of a twig might be heard in the stillness of the hour over the murmuring waters. But all things were silent, and the chief began to hope that perhaps no Mohawks were out lying along the river, and that their passage would be made without difficulty or danger. But he did not become less watchful.

At length the dark starlit canopy began to lighten up faintly towards the east. Dim and almost imperceptible was the first precursor of the dawn, merely a lesser darkness. Thus it passed for many minutes, making the summits of the far hills sharper and more distinct, and shrouding the lower forest in deeper gloom. Gradually the view became more distinct, and a quick eye might barely trace the forms of nature. The canoes were now approaching a narrower portion of the river, and Ahasistari became more watchful than before. At length his eye seemed to fix upon a portion of the forest that overhung the river above them on their route—then he raised it up towards the sky above the woods. The scrutiny did not seem to satisfy him, and, guiding the canoe from the shore so as to bring the object more to the light, he watched it as the barks moved on. The warriors in the rearward canoes observed the motion, but, with apparent indifference, still urged on their frail vessels knowing the skill and coolness of their leader. In a little while the motion of the canoe brought the top of that portion of the forest opposite a bright clear star, and across its face for a single instant came a dimness like that caused by a thin, wiry column of smoke or vapor.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the chief, in the deep guttural tone peculiar to the Indian, and, with a sudden motion of his paddle, he sent the canoe whirling in towards the southern shore under the shadows of the hills. Then staying its progress, he crouched close to diminish the risk of observation by any wandering eye that might be upon the shore. His example was silently followed, and soon the line of canoes lay within the verge of the dark shadows motionless and seemingly unoccupied. Not a question was asked: no anxiety or curiosity was manifested; the warriors coldly and impassively waited the motions of their chief.

The keen eye of Ahasistari still scanned the forest with quick and suspicious glances, when a slight sound struck upon his ear: it seemed like the snapping of a twig beneath a light and cautious tread. The sound was very faint, but it did not escape the ear of a single warrior, the youngest and least practised. The Jesuit, who lay in the canoe of the leader, began to turn uneasily in his sleep affected by the change from motion to rest, and his breathing seemed to grow louder in the stillness of things around. Ahasistari pointed with his finger to the sleeping missionary, and Haukimah, the neophyte, stooped down low over the good father, and gently laid his hand upon his shoulder. In a moment Father Laval opened his eyes with a slight start, but the low "hist!" and the finger of the neophyte pressed upon his lips, instinctively visible in the grey light, immediately recalled him to consciousness. A single glance enabled him to catch at least a general idea of the situation of affairs, and, raising his heart in prayer, he awaited with resignation the end, whatsoever it might be. Similar was the awakening of René Bourdoise. The young novice, we have said, had sooner fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber, and the first checking of the speed of the canoe had startled him, and its ceasing had aroused him. Observing the state of preparation around him, his young French blood, fiery yet in spite of its cold training from worldly feeling, began to glow as he thought that the enemies of France and the foes of his religion might perhaps be at that moment lying within reach, and that battle between man and man, in which he durst bear no part, might soon

take place before his eyes. It was not without an effort that he succeeded in restraining these feelings, and giving himself up to the weapons of prayer and humiliation of spirit. A young, bright, glowing heart had René Bourdoise. Watook, his pupil, who sat by his side, observed the mental struggle of the young ecclesiastic, and marked the sparkling of his eye, and his heart swelled with a deeper affection as he beheld the subdued workings of the noble spirit within.

"Will the young blackgown share Watook's weapons?" he said in a low whisper; "Watook has a keen and polished knife, and his carabine is sure—they shall be his brother's. Watook will use the weapons of his people." As he spoke, the generous young warrior drew the knife from his belt, and tendered the arms to the young novice.

A deep blush suffused the fine face of René Bourdoise. It is impossible to tell what feeling most predominated in the inward struggle, and sent the evidence of shame tingling to his cheek; whether was it the manhood and the spirit of flesh yet unsubdued within him, that scorned to act like a woman when the strife should come, and yet durst not receive the proffered weapons which must remain so idle in his hands; or was it a conscious shame that his demeanor, forgetful of the bearing of the Christian messenger of love and faith, had wakened in the heart of the savage such thoughts as caused his offer, when he should have been preparing with silent prayer and resignation to win his martyr's crown? He gazed upon the weapons for a moment, but the training of the novice amidst silence and contemplation, was too strong for the impulse of the passions, and putting them aside he said:

"Keep your arms, my brother! They would be useless in my hands; I know not how to wield them. I am a man of peace. None vowed to the service of the altar may stain their hands in human blood, but must submit to the trials which are given them. Oh, my Father!" he continued mentally, "who readest all hearts, forgive the sinful thoughts which carried me away, and stirred up the evil of my nature;" and bowing down his head, he sat composed and motionless, not less the wonder than the admiration of the man who saw that fear had nothing to do with conduct, to him, hitherto little acquainted with the missionaries, so inexplicable.

As the canoes swung in towards the shore impelled by an occasional stroke of the paddle, the current bore them somewhat lower down the river. The descent was evident; for the trees upon the bank seemed slowly to pass by them, as it were, giving the appearance of rest to the canoes. The Indians did not endeavor to keep them on their former course, but permitted them to drop gently down the stream. Father Laval kept his eye intently fixed upon the forest; but he found it difficult to penetrate the darkness which shrouded it. The canoes had now reached a point where the underwood was not so thick as that above, and where there was but little danger of an ambush. Ahasistari again emitted a low exclamation, and pointed towards an open part of the forest. The eye of Father Laval followed the direction, and up the stream, in the rear of the heavy underwood, he caught a momentary glimpse of the dying embers of a fire. The thick trunk of a tree in the next instant concealed it from his sight. There was no sign of life or motion near it or around it. He again assumed his place at the bottom of the canoe from which he had raised himself to look around. The eye of the chief was now turned upon the portion of the forest immediately before them, and he held a consultation in low tones with the old warrior by his side.

"Haukimah, the trail is there," he said, pointing to a spot which seemed to the Jesuit, who again raised his head as the chief spoke, to present no marks by which to distinguish it from the banks above or below it.

"Yes, the Mohawk has left it broad—

a yengeese might follow in it: the Mohawk is cunning!"

"He is a wolf, but he leaves his trail like a bear."

The old Indian shook his head doubtingly, and, after a moment's pause, replied:

"The Iroquois can hide his trail if he will—he is strong; he has left a broad trail."

"No, he would have concealed it then."

"Yes, if making an ambush; but he is strong and fears not pursuit; his fire is burning out; he has gone;" and Haukimah pointed towards the south.

It did not seem impossible that the party of Mohawks had passed on by that route during the night, leaving their fire behind them unextinguished, and their trail so broad as to negative the idea of an ambush at that spot; yet the chief determined to reconnoitre more closely before he ventured to pass onwards in front of the suspicious spot, and thus expose his party to the certainty of discovery and pursuit.

The light had already become more distinct, and the marks about which the warriors differed became at last visible to Father Laval himself, though, had not his attention been directed to the spot, he could not have discovered their existence. The low bushes on the edge of the water were displaced and beaten down, though portions seemed as if carefully replaced, while the underwood above on the higher portion of the bank, which extended upwards a few feet from the surface of the water, presented on their lower branches bent and broken boughs and torn leaves, as if done by the grasp of persons carelessly ascending. The canoes still continued to near the shore, and were kept by the occasional stroke of the paddle from descending farther down the current. They were now within a very short distance of the bank, but it was impossible to discover there the least evidence of life or motion, and the two Frenchmen began to comfort themselves with the reflection that the Indians had departed, and that nothing was to be apprehended. The Hurons, however, were still silent and watchful, cautiously concealing as much of their bodies as they could in their canoes. The chief again turned, and spoke in a low tone to Haukimah.

"How many does my brother count upon the sand?" and he pointed to the bank at the edge of the water.

The old warrior held up three fingers.

"Yes, there were but three canoes of them," said Ahasistari; "there is nothing to fear."

Father Laval looked in wonder for the indications from which the warriors had drawn their conclusion, but in vain. To the Indian they were plain enough. It seemed that the Mohawks, if Mohawks they were, had proceeded with an utter disregard of the usual precautions which Indians, especially in an enemy's country, adopted to conceal their path. On the sand the prints of moccasined feet were stamped deeply, but were scarcely perceptible in the dim light, and in three places, close together, the indentures made by the bow of a canoe, carelessly dragged from the water, were indistinctly seen. Whilst the two chiefs more closely examined the shore to discover if any deception were practised upon them, the canoe in which the novice was placed shot up towards them, and the young Indian Watook, uttering a hiss like that of the water snake,—so like that Father Laval involuntarily started with disgust at the seeming proximity of the imaginary reptile,—exclaimed, "The Mohawk!"

Every eye followed the direction of his extended hand, and at the moment a dusky form was seen darting rapidly from one tree to another, lower down and nearer the canoes. An instant after a wild yell broke from the forest; the flash of rifles lit up its dark shades and gleamed upon the waters; a cloud of arrows rattled down upon them, and half stifled groans arose from the canoes. Every shot came from above, none as yet from the forest in front or below the canoes. None was returned.

Covered with dense smoke, and concealed in their coverts, the unseen foe would have suffered little from the fire of the canoes had they returned it. The moment that the yell broke out, Father Laval felt the light boat spring suddenly in the water, impelled by the powerful arms of the Hurons, who sternly and silently bent to their paddles, hoping to reach a cover, and make successful defence. The discovery, the war-cry, and the rattling volley followed each other almost instantaneously; but the impulse to the light barks had been so quick and strong that, ere the volley pealed, they had cleared half the space towards the shore. It was a fortunate movement; the rapidity of their progress had rendered the aim of their ambushed foes uncertain, with the clumsy and unsure weapons with which the Dutch of New York scantily furnished them in their trade. But the speed of the canoe began to relax, broken paddles floated in the water, and the Indians who had borne them crouched low, grasping their arms, and watching intently for some object, head, leg, or arm, to aim at. The Jesuit felt the water slowly rising around his feet—the canoe was riddled, and was filling fast. Little better was the fate of the rest. It seemed as if the foe had aimed principally at the canoes, as if to prevent escape, and, had all their shots taken effect, they must have sunk at once.

It was a moment of intense anxiety—death from the ambush, death from the wave, was before them and around. It was doubtful whether they could reach the shore. In the midst of danger there was one thought more painful to the Jesuit than the thought of death. There were those around him who had not yet been baptized, and with agony he reflected that each pealing shot, each hissing shaft, might send one of these unfortunate children of the forest, unwashed from the dark stain of sin, to the presence of his God. The shots that every instant whistled around him had no terrors for him: the deep responsibility of human souls was upon him.

The old warrior Haukimah sat motionless before him. His face was rested on his hand, his rifle lay across his knee—he looked steadily in the face of the priest, and marked with deep concern the pain which shot across his features. The hunting shirt of the warrior was dripping with blood, yet no sign of pain escaped, but a wistful glance lingered upon his face as he fixed his eyes upon the countenance of the Jesuit.

"You are wounded?" said Father Laval.

"The Indian slowly and somewhat painfully bowed his head.

"And seriously—it is near your heart!" continued the priest.

"Haukimah's last fight is fought," replied the Indian patiently: "he will go to the spirit land."

"And, alas! you have not yet been baptized."

"I have sought it—I wait!"

"Yes, it has been delayed that you might be further instructed: you have been instructed—it can be delayed no longer."

A faint smile of joy passed over the stern features of the wounded man, and their look of fixed determination relaxed into a softer expression.

"It is good," he said quietly.

"Do you repent for all your offences against the good Spirit?"

"I have ever loved him; if I have offended, I am sorry," he said faintly.

There was no space for further questioning, and the good priest arose, his large form presenting a fair mark to the foe; heedless of danger, he stooped and filled his hand with water from the river, and, pouring it upon the upraised forehead of the warrior, pronounced the holy and mystic words of the sacrament. The eye of the dying Indian again lit up—a joyous smile passed once more across his features; his lips, motionless before, opened, and faint indistinct words of prayer escaped them. Then a gushing sound was heard; his hand moved wanderingly towards the

wound—the blood was bursting from it in a dark and bubbling stream. His head sank upon his breast, and the spirit of the "regenerated" had taken its flight.

"May he rest in peace," mentally ejaculated Father Jean Laval as he cast his eye once more upon the scene around. It had now become terrific. The fragile bark was sinking beneath them; escape by the river was impossible: escape by the shore seemed already doubtful. The brave Hurons, taken at disadvantage, were unable to display their accustomed valor. At a signal from the chief, two warriors sprang from the canoe, and thus lightened and buoyed up the sinking bark, at the same moment, almost, a few strokes sent it within fording of the land. Every man made for the shore, grasping his rifle in his left hand, while his right brandished his tomahawk. Ahasistari bounded to the beach. Bidding Father Jean Laval to follow him, it was but a moment's work to reach a cover in the woods. He was followed by a number of his braves, and ere the last canoe had touched the shore, the sharp crack of the Huron carabines was heard on the flank of the Iroquois. As suddenly the firing ceased. The Iroquois, surprised by the unexpected activity of the Huron movement, clung close to their coverts, and for a time a fearful and unbroken silence hung upon the scene of death.

Upon the shore, by the side of a dying Indian, knelt Father Jean Laval. The cross of Christ was in his hands, and the eyes of the departing rested on it. Words of holy comfort flowed from his lips; the solemn absolution was pronounced, and, anointed and annealed, the spirit of the Christian warrior took its flight, in the midst of the stern silence that momentarily reigned around that scene of strife, to regions where neither battle nor death can come. As the last convulsive throb of dying agony ceased, and the muscular limbs of the warrior fell back motionless from the death struggle, the priest arose from his posture by the side of the lifeless body. "Have mercy on him, Oh Lord!" he said in a low, sad voice, and turned away towards the forest.

CHAPTER V.

The Conflict.

SILENCE and darkness on the scene!

Not a movement in the forest—not a ray of light, save the dim grey of the far off sky—no sound but the half hushed moan of pain, jarring sadly with the soft music of flowing waters. It was a living solitude. No voices were heard where there were many ready to break forth in fury; and where there were many glowing with the flame of human passion, no forms were seen but one. That form enclosed a gentle spirit.

The Jesuit strode towards the forest.

Gloom was upon his path, but an invincible tranquillity reigned within his breast. Over the stillness, more startling by its sudden contrast with the wild peal of battle which had ceased so suddenly, came now and then the rustling of leaves, as the ambushed foes fell guardedly back, assuming new positions, and manœuvring with the cautiousness of Indian warfare. It was at the mingling of night and morning, and the fading stars looked sadly down their parting, as it were, into the soul of the dark river.

The priest pressed on, heedless or unconscious of the danger that lurked within the forest. He gained the opening of a slight ravine—as he stepped forward an obstacle caught his foot, and he fell to the earth. Putting out his hand to raise himself, it rested upon a cap—he held it up to examine it—it was the cap of René the novice. A shudder passed through his frame—there was a murmur of sorrow and prayer, a sinking of the heart—but he still passed on. A few feet further lay a wounded Huron. A low sigh escaped the lips of the warrior, and he endeavored to turn himself upon the ground, but in vain. The Jesuit bent over the Indian, and, in a low whisper, asked him: "Son, hast thou been baptized?"

"No, my father!" he said in a faint and weak voice.

The place they occupied at the bottom of the ravine was somewhat covered from the position of the Iroquois. There was yet time for Father Laval to seek cover in the rear of his Hurons, and perhaps escape would have been possible; for the Iroquois were now busily occupied in slowly and cautiously extending their forces in order to outflank, and thus drive the Christian warriors from their covers. So guarded had been the movements of both parties, and such the gloom, that, as yet, neither Huron nor Iroquois had gained an opportunity of firing with any certainty of aim, and both were too wary to throw away a shot, and, at the same time, discover their whole manœuvre to the foe by the flash of their fire-arms.

Father Laval arose and crept lightly towards the river. As he passed by a little hillock or mound, he was startled by the cracking of a twig and a low hiss like that of a serpent. Hesitating a moment, he recollected the sound he had heard in the canoe, and, reassured, fixed his eye upon the spot until he distinguished a dark object moving towards him, and slowly erecting its head from the ground as it approached. In a moment more Ahasistari was at his feet, and in a low voice addressed him:

"Father, hasten; there is yet time to fly! Follow me!"

"I can not," said the Jesuit; "there are souls to be saved—the dying to be baptized! Fly you, and save yourself!"

"No. Ahasistari will not fly without his father," said the Indian, drawing himself up proudly from the ground.

"Go, chief; you have your duties, I have mine; the brave man does his duty, and leaves the rest to God. Go you to yours—leave me to mine."

"You will not follow me?"

"I dare not," and the Jesuit pointed back to the spot where he had left the wounded Indian. The chieftain turned his eye towards it.

"It is not far from the end of their line! You will do your duty. Ahasistari will do his by your side ——. Hist!" he said, suddenly interrupting himself, and raising his finger to demand silence. Father Laval listened intently, and discovered the light trampling of moccasined feet; then the low cry of an owl struck upon his ear, and again all was silent.

"They are gathering for a charge," said the chieftain. "Ahasistari must be there to meet them. When you hear the war cry of the Hurons, know that your children are fighting to save you. Hasten along down the shore and seek a hiding place." The chief stretched himself upon the ground, and was soon lost in the obscurity which still pervaded the scene.

With a rapid step the Jesuit turned towards the river, lifting up his heart to God, as he went along, for assistance in this trial. To fill his cap with water, and retrace his steps to the side of the wounded Indian, was but the work of a moment. The eyes of the warrior fastened upon the cooling liquid that oozed from the cap; and with a supplicating look, he laid his finger upon his parched and feverish lip, and uttered the single word "water." The Jesuit raised his head upon his arm, and applied the cooling draught to the sufferer's mouth. A grateful expression passed across his countenance, and Father Jean laid his head once more upon the turf; and, having uttered a prayer, stretched forth his hand, about to pour upon his head the regenerating waters of baptism. At that moment a heavy grasp was laid upon his bared head, which was drawn backwards till his uplifted gaze rested upon the fierce countenance of an Iroquois, whose right hand brandished above him a scalping knife already dripping with blood. A fiendish smile played upon the features of the savage as he paused to contemplate his work. There was time!—A moment! oh, inestimable moment! worlds could not purchase thy value. There was time. The baptismal water laved gently the brow of the dying, and the

words of the sacrament arose—"O, God! I thank——" exclaimed the Jesuit; and the knife of the savage began to descend. A single shot pealed suddenly upon the silence.

Ahasistari, the fearless chief of the Hurons had crept back swiftly to the position of his warriors, and prepared to meet the expected onslaught of the Mohawks. With the quick and ready skill of the Indian, he determined to entrap the foe when the assault should begin, and had already placed himself, with a few chosen men, stealthily in advance, in a near and more favorable position, when his eye, wandering uneasily in search of the Jesuit, rested upon the spot where he had left him. Dimly it caught the form of the priest, bent back by the strong grasp of the savage, and the uplifted knife suspended. He sprang forward. To fire was to disclose his stratagem to the foe; to desist would be death to the priest. He sternly swung his carabine into rest—his sinewy hands grasped it as firmly as if the muscles had been steel. Thus it rested for a moment, motionless; then came the clicking of the trigger and a cloud of smoke, with a sheet of flame from the muzzle swept over his still form. The blow of the Iroquois descended: but it was the harmless falling of the lifeless arm—the bullet of the Huron had passed through his heart. He fell forward heavily upon the priest.

Out broke the fierce war whoop of the Mohawks—shots pealed and arrows flew. Then came the wild rush, the trampling of many feet bursting through the forest covers, and the clash of many weapons. Hand to hand, Mohawk and Huron fought. The occasional flash of fire-arms blazed around, lighting up the scene with its lurid rays, which glanced upon the plume of the warrior as he sprang forward to the charge, and sparkled upon his uplifted weapons, made the waving forest spray glow as if touched with liquid fire, and dancing madly along the rippling waters of the dark river. Over the wild music of battle, which man in his strength and passion loves, came subdued the sorrowful moaning of the wounded.

A few rapid bounds brought the Huron chief to the side of the priest. Raising him up gently, he said, when he saw him recovered from the effects of the incident:

"Father, go now! Far down the bank of the river you will find the undergrowth thick and heavy—keep by the edge of the water. We are outnumbered; our only hope is in flight. The Hurons will remain while you remain. When you have fled, we also will seek safety."

"Then I must go!" said the Jesuit, and gathering up around him the long black gown which he wore, he prepared to fly from the spot.

Ahasistari stooped down and grasped the scalp lock of his foe, and was about to pass his knife around the skin to tear it from his head. His hand was arrested by the priest—

"Do not violate the dead, my son!"

"He is a Mohawk, my father!"

"He is a man—you have killed him in battle—do not mutilate his body. It is not Christian."

The warrior raised himself from the body of his foe, and reverently made the sign of the cross upon his forehead: then, pointing the way to the Jesuit, bounded back to his first position amid a shower of balls and arrows that whistled around him as he emerged from the ravine. Looking back, he caught a glimpse of the form of the Jesuit hurrying down the path he had designated. In the next moment the Huron chief was in the thickest of the conflict.

Gathering new spirit from the presence of their leader, the Christian warriors still made good their position against the foe; but it was evident that the struggle could not be long protracted. Yet each moment gained served to increase the distance between the Iroquois and their father of the black gown. At length the thinned numbers of his warriors gave notice to the chief that retreat could not longer be delayed. At the signal, the Hurons sprang

back from tree to tree, securing cover as they retired, and, battling thus each foot of ground, they made the advance of the Mohawks slow and cautious.

Ahasistari approached a well tried warrior and whispered a command in his ear —the Indian hurried to the rear and turned towards the river. A moment after, a little below the landing, along the shore where the rippling waves broke in a line of light upon the sands, a dark form seemed to rest for a moment prostrate upon the grass, then with a quiet motion rolled slowly down the slope to the river's bank, and, without a single splash, disappeared beneath the water's edge. An upturned canoe was floating by the spot: imperceptibly its motion appeared to quicken, and when it had gained some distance from the shore, it was suddenly righted and an Indian carefully crept over the side. A yell broke from the forest proving that he was discovered, and a few shots whistled around him: but seizing a paddle, which had been fastened in the canoe, he whirled it in defiance at the foe, and then urged his bark down the river.

At length time enough had elapsed for Father Laval to gather a sufficient start, and Ahasistari and his Hurons betook themselves to flight, having selected the spot opposite their last bivouac as the final place of rendezvous for those who might escape. The main band shaped their course somewhat from the river, while Ahasistari, accompanied by a single warrior, hastened to the spot to which he had directed the Jesuit to proceed.

Father Laval had turned away from the scene of strife, and was hurrying down the shore, when he heard the groan of a wounded Indian whose strength had failed him as he crept towards the river bank. He paused. How could he fly? How leave behind him so many souls to whom his ministry was necessary? He turned from his path, he knelt by the side of the Huron, and he left him not till the shout of the pursuers, driving deeper into the forest, became faint upon his ear. At length he arose, and heedless of the words of the chief, retraced his steps to the now silent scene of battle. Many a time he knelt and shrined the dying Christian warrior, or baptized the departing neophyte, and uttered words of hope to the wild savage. Kindly and gently, and with almost a warrior's touch, he laved the parched lips and throbbing brow of the wounded and soothed their pains. Absorbed in this work of holy love, he heard not the approaching steps of a form that soon gained his side.

"Oh, my father, I came to seek thy body—and, joy, I find thee safe!"

"Ah! René, my son! heaven bless thee," said the Jesuit as he gazed affectionately upon the youth. "I believed thee dead —see, I found thy cap upon the field. I mourned for thee, my son."

"Yes, I lost it in my rapid flight. The young Indian Watook hurried me to the shore, and led me to the rear. There, in safety, I watched the progress of the fight, until it became necessary for me to fly deeper into the woods. Making a detour as the foe went off in pursuit, I came hither to seek thee."

"It is well: we will die together, comforting each other."

"If it be the will of Providence, my father." And the Jesuit and the novice betook themselves to their office of love.

A young Iroquois warrior, wounded severely, but not fatally, had fainted from loss of blood. He now began to revive; and an involuntary groan broke from his lips. René Bourdoise raised his head from the ground, whilst the Jesuit endeavored to staunch the wound. The effusion had been great, and if it continued longer would prove fatal. No mean surgeon was Father Jean, and he worked with a charitable heart. Whilst the two Frenchmen were thus engaged, the loud shouts of the returning Mohawks broke upon their ears. The savages had observed the escape of the Huron in the canoe, and, fearing that succor might be near, dared not protract the pursuit too

long. Redoubled yells of joy came forth as they caught a glimpse of the two most highly prized of their foes, whose escape they had feared. Bounding forward, two warriors were about to grapple with them; they came with uplifted arms, but the Jesuits, unmoved, continued to perform their charitable labors. Father Jean had just succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, and was smoothing down the bandage that compressed the wound; René Bourdoise laved the brow of the Iroquois.

The two warriors stood still, astonished, and then, uttering the deep, low guttural exclamation peculiar to their race, their only expression of surprise, dropped their arms, and, turning, gazed on one another in unmingled wonder. They were soon joined by their companions, who gathered near by this scene so new to them, and the same low exclamation ran around the group. In sooth it was an unwonted contrast: man the fiend, and man the angel—the warrior, red with blood, smoking with slaughter, and the priest, calm and passionless, breathing peace and charity to all men, binding up the wounds of his enemy. Father Jean arose, with his arms crossed upon his breast, his benign features glowing with a holy enthusiasm. The priest and the savage stood face to face. The dark flashing orb of the warrior slowly yielded to the softening influence of the mild and gentle eye of the Jesuit; suddenly he turned away his glance, and approached the wounded man, he laid his hand upon his brow, as if to discover that there was no deception. Then he coldly watched the face of the sufferer. The novice still supported his head, and laved his brow and lips. In a moment more the wounded man opened his eyes and a faint smile played across his features.

"Good, Kiskepila!" muttered the Mohawk chief, and turned away.

Father Jean had now time to look about him, for he was left unmolested. The Mohawks had made several prisoners in the pursuit, whom, six in number, some of the conquerors had just dragged up, bound tightly and securely. In an hour more the last straggling pursuer had returned, the dying Hurons had been scalped and tomahawked, the bodies of the fallen Iroquois buried, and the conquerors and their prisoners, marching in single file and with a party in advance, bearing their wounded upon litters made of boughs, left the banks of the St. Lawrence where they had concealed their canoes, and struck off deep into the forest, towards the Mohawk villages.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FORTNIGHT AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY PROFESSOR DUCATEL.

(Continued from page 28.)

MAY be said of the Indians that, either by temperament and some peculiarity of physical structure, or from a moral propensity, they are essentially a sluggish race—exhibiting none of that restlessness of the white man which is ever in quest of something beyond the complete gratification of the wants of the body. Hunger rather interrupts than overcomes their habit of bodily indolence; but it is a peculiarity of the Indian character to remain as long as possible in a state of quiescence. Hence they are essentially too improvident. The only provisions that are made for the long and dreary winter of their climate consist in planting and gathering a few potatoes and a very little corn; the only summer gifts that are hoarded are the wild rice and whortleberries, dried and put by, not as a delicacy, but for nourishment. The maple sugar is more an object of traffic than a provision. They rely, in fact, mainly upon game and fish. Some of the least improvident prepare a little smoked deer's meat, or other game, and render the tallow or lard of the slain animals, which they put in holes called *cáches*. In these caches they also bury fish for great emergencies.

The only industrial arts practised by the Indians are canoe building, making of nets and mats, and the manufacture of a variety of useful and ornamental articles with the birch bark. The birch, indeed, seems to have been made expressly for the Indian. With its bark he makes his canoe, named by him *gemaun;* the frame work of which is of yellow cedar, bound together with the fibrous roots of the spruce pine, and this is covered over with birch bark, rolled into sheets of various sizes that are sewed together with cords or threads of the spruce root; finally, the seams are covered over with gum, made of the exudation of the spruce boiled down to a proper consistency, to which is added powdered charcoal from the pine, to give color to the mastic. The birch bark is made into troughs (*pisketahnahgun*) in which the maple sugar (*sinzibuckwud*) is gathered in March and April, by merely cutting a gash in the tree from downwards up, and putting into it a chip of wood to direct the sap into the trough. With the birch bark is also manufactured the sugar basket (*mukkuk*), and a variety of other baskets and boxes for useful purposes. There are some families that possess as household utensils from one to two thousand birch troughs, used to collect the saccharine juice of the maple. The *wegewan* is built of birch bark, and out of this bark the Indian makes himself a scroll (*totem*)* upon which, in hieroglyp-

*"Among the Indians of the Algonkin stock," says Dr. James, "every man receives from his father a *totem* or family name. They affirm that no man is, by their customs, allowed to change his totem; and as this distinctive mark descends to all the children a man may have, as well as to all the prisoners he may take and adopt, it is manifest that, like the genealogies of the Hebrews, these totems should afford a complete enumeration of the stocks from which all the families have been derived. It differs not from our institution of surnames, except that the obligations of friendship and hospitality, and the restraint upon intermarriage, which it imposes, are more scrupulously regarded. They profess to consider it highly criminal for a man to marry a woman whose totem is the same as his own, and they relate instances where young men, for a violation of this rule, have been put to death by their nearest relatives. They say, also, that those having the same totem are bound, under whatever circumstances, as they meet, even though they should be of different and hostile bands, to treat each other not only as friends, but as brethren, sisters, and relatives of the same family.

"Of the origin of this institution, and of the obligation to its strict observance, the Indians profess to know nothing. They say they suppose the totem was given them in the beginning by their Creator. Like surnames among us, these marks are now numerous, and, as in the case of our surnames, it is difficult to account for their multiplicity, without supposing a time when they might have been changed, or new ones adopted more easily than at present.

"It is not as yet well ascertained that any of the North American Indians, except those of the

phics of his own invention, he inscribes his coat of arms, a bird, a bear, a beaver, an owl, a fish, or animal of any kind, and marks down the number of members, old and young, belonging to his family. The bark is also used in preference to any other substance for kindling fires: it burns with a bright flame that adapts it for use as a torch-light in taking fish by night. The Indian seems to be aware of the peculiar adaptation of this tree to his wants; for, if he has any thing of value to preserve, he wraps it up carefully in its bark. The wood, too, is useful in its juice as a beverage; its young shoots collect a number of rabbits, and wild pigeons are particularly fond of its blossoms.

In the ornamental articles of Indian manufacture that serve as portions of their dress, such as the ties or garters for leggins, the belts, saches, pouches, &c., that are made of colored beads, a prevailing idea of the cross is observed, probably imitated from the vestment of the Catholic priests who first settled among them, from whom also they have acquired many usages not originally theirs. The moccasins worn by the females are frequently very neatly lined with blue cloth, and tastefully ornamented with bead work. Those of the men are decorated on the fore part of the foot, like the worked cloth slipper of the civilized gentleman. The most desirable article of female dress appears to be a shawl of superfine blue cloth, which is more frequently borne upon the head than the shoulders. Whether it be that the women have not so readily the means of procuring them, they do not wear as many ornaments as the men; but they are pleased to deck their children with them.

A very remarkable trait in the character of the Indian mother is her excessive fondness for her children, who are indulged in every way, are never chastised, and whose loss is bewailed with great demonstrations of sorrow. The men play with the young children, but take no notice of the growing up boys, who are suffered to do just as they please, and are very mischievous. When the men are too much annoyed by them, they knuckle them on the head, but have never recourse to flagellation. In this latter respect they have certainly an advantage over the white man, who has not yet discarded from his system of discipline the ferule and the whip. The Indian is also fond of his dogs; whenever a canoe is met coasting the shores of the lake, the sire is at the helm, the squaw and grown up boys or girls are paddling, the helpless children and a pack of dogs are the steerage passengers. The dogs have their litter in the wigwam; but if one is accidentally killed, or if necessity compels his slaughter, he is boiled into soup, and feasted upon as a great delicacy. The Indian pets them, as the white man does the lamb, and feeds them to gratify his appetite.

The Indians are certainly not what the French would call *gourmets*, but rather *gourmands;* in other words, whenever the food is provided for them, they are great eaters, and not dainty at that. Their culinary art is even more circumscribed than their handicraft, since it extends no further than boiling their meat, fish and vegetables in one promiscuous *chowder*, with not even salt as a condiment. This disrelish for salt, or perhaps it might be better stated, this indifference to the use of it, is equally

Algonkin family, have these peculiar genealogical marks. Those of the great Chippewaian family, in the north, we are well assured have them not. From long acquaintance with the Dahcotah bands of the Mississippi, and St. Peters, in which designation we include the Hoochawgenah or Winnebagoes, and the Iowas, and, from a more transient sojourning among the Otoes, the Kansas, the Omaw-hawes, the Pawnees, and other western tribes, we have, with careful inquiry and search, been able to collect no intimation of such a custom among them. But of the western Indians we can not speak with entire confidence, as we recollect to have heard Renville, an interpreter for the Sioux, after much puzzling and cross-examination, admit that something of the kind might exist among that people. It may be observed that the Algonkins believe all other Indians to have totems, though, from the necessity they are in general under of remaining ignorant of those of hostile bands, the omission of the totem in their picture writing serves to designate an enemy. Thus those bands of Ogibbeways, who border on the country of the Dahcotah, or Sioux, always understand the figure of a man without totem to mean one of that people."—*Tanner's Narrative*, p. 313.

remarkable amongst the half breeds, and even with the Canadian "voyageurs" of Lake Superior, who seem to be quite satisfied with what is contained of it in the packed pork, of which they are so fond as to have richly merited the cognomen of "*mangeurs de lard.*"

At the distribution of the rations, during their sojourn at the post where the annuity is paid off to them, other traits of manners are observable, not at all of a disparaging character, as they evince a spirit of concession, and a sense of justice, which, on the contrary, are highly creditable to them. The rations are dealt from the store house of the American Fur Company, upon a requisition given by the Indian agent to the chief of each band, who sends the women and children to receive them—the drudgery of domestic affairs always devolving upon the women. It is amusing to see them trudging along under their load of provisions that are very liberally distributed, the little naked "papooses," with their stomachs inordinately distended by a previous feeding, and carrying nearly their own weight of provender. The women have a full share of the burden, though, if a barrel of flour form a portion of the allotment, the chieftain, or his male subdelegate, faithful to his disrelish of manual exercises, kicks it to its destination. Arrived at their camping ground, the women and young members of the clan seat themselves in a circle two or three deep, and the chief proceeds in the distribution according to families, the whole procedure being conducted with much order, apparent mutual satisfaction, and without noise.

The only disturbances noticed during the encampment at Lapointe, took place once on the occasion of a trader beating his squaw, and then the excitement seemed to be principally amongst the travellers, who indignantly protested against this summary mode of punishing a refractory wife. The Indians took no part in the excitement, because it was understood that the discipline had been recommended by the woman's own parents. The poor thing was perfectly submissive under rather an unnecessarily severe castigation. The Indians themselves never beat their wives. On a second occasion, during a thunder storm of great violence which raged through the night, the whole camp suddenly became dreadfully distressed, the men expressing their alarm by yells, the women and children by moanings and loud sobs, as if they had already realized some dreadful calamity. At every vivid flash of lightning, as if to efface its trace, they would fire off volleys of musquetry, and each rolling peel of thunder was accompanied by shouts and whoops, calculated if not to drown, at least to divert the attention from the raging of the elements. There was some danger in this strife; for the unprotected store house contained a large number of powder kegs, whose explosion would have made sad havock in the camp.

But a much more melancholy occurrence took place on the last night of the "payment." It is a very judicious custom with the Indian agents to withhold the specie payment of the annuity until the final day, so as to prevent as much as possible any impositions to be practised by the white traders upon the Indians, or to guard against any allurements by the unprincipled conduct of some of these mercenary venders, in the way especially of the sale of liquor. The cupidity of a few, however, will defy all laws, and, notwithstanding the penalty of confiscation of their entire stock in trade, they contrive to introduce ardent spirits amongst the Indians, which is dealt out somewhat in this style. A whiskey vender, standing upon a raised platform behind his groggery, lures them on, one by one, to a taste of his "vinegar," knowing full well that the unfortunate savage, when he has once tasted of it, can no longer control his thus excited insatiable appetite for more. The vender is of course willing to "accommodate" him for the trifling sum of fifty cents a gulp, and, in the same accommodating spirit, repeats it until his victim from a

savage has become a brute. One of the traders of notorious villainy had succeeded in introducing the poison into the camp, the consequences of which were exceedingly distressing if not alarming. Some of the men became infuriated, destroying their own lodges, to the great terror of their families, whilst others, completely unnerved, lay down to whine and drivel. The first care of the women, on such occasions, is to conceal the knives and other dangerous weapons, and they show the same solicitude that might be expected from a Christian wife.

Within what is called the Indian territory, the introduction of spirituous liquor is prohibited; but at places under the jurisdiction of the states, the federal government has not interfered, and can not; so that at Mackina, Green Bay, and the Sault, the excesses growing out of the use of ardent spirits are very great, and the women, and even the young people, are likewise maddened by it. The post, under such circumstances, becomes a true pandemonium. When in a state of intoxication, the women especially give vent to their sorrow in melancholy chantings and a profuse flow of tears; the burden of their songs being the death of their friends or other misfortunes. One who listens to these lamentations while darkness and distance interpose to conceal the too often disgusting objects who utter them, and to soften down and mellow the tone of high-pitched voices, will often find something affecting in their honest and unpremeditated complaints. Before the whites introduced among them intoxicating drinks, it is probable that assembling together for feasts was their principal and most favorite source of excitement in times of peace, and comparative inactivity; for they are exceedingly fond of feasts, of which they have a great many, and at all of which they gather principally to eat and smoke. They seem to have a peculiar relish for the meat of dogs, which they simply boil without any salt. The soup is served up in a tin pan, from which each one, after taking a long sup, passes it to his next neighbor, and then falls to smoking. In no instance were they heard to enliven their conviviality by the help of a song.

Although the Indians, as before stated, are great eaters, yet they enjoin upon young and unmarried persons, of both sexes, rigorous and long continued fasts, that are begun at a very early age. "The parent," says Dr. James, "in the morning, offers the child the usual breakfast in one hand and charcoals in the other; if the latter is accepted, the parent is gratified, and some commendations, or marks of favor, are bestowed on the child. To be able to continue long fasting confers an enviable distinction. They therefore inculcate upon their children the necessity of remaining long without food. Sometimes the children fast three, five, seven, and some, as is said, even ten days; in all of which time they take only a little water, and that at very distant intervals. During these fasts they pay very particular attention to their dreams, and from the character of these their parents, to whom they relate them, form an opinion of the future life of the child. Dreaming of things above, as birds, clouds, the sky, &c., is considered favorable; and when the child begins to relate any thing of this kind, the parent interrupts him, saying: 'It is well, my child, say no more of it.' In these dreams, also, the children receive impressions which continue to influence their character through life. A man, an old and very distinguished warrior, who was some years ago at Red River, dreamed, when fasting in his childhood, that a bat came to him, and this little animal he chose for his medicine. To all the costly medicines for war or hunting, used by other Indians, he paid no attention. Throughout his life he wore the skin of a bat tied to the crown of his head, and in numerous war excursions he went into battle exulting in the confidence that the Sioux, who could not hit a bat on the wing, would never be able to hit him. He distinguished himself in many battles, and killed many of his ene-

mies, but throughout his long life no bullet ever touched him, all of which he attributed to the protecting influence of his medicine, revealed to him, in answer to his fasting, in boyhood. Of Net-no-kwa, his foster mother, the author of the foregoing narrative relates that at about twelve years of age she fasted ten successive days. In her dream a man came down and stood before her, and, after speaking of many things, he gave her two sticks, saying: 'I give you these to walk upon, and your hair I give it to be like snow.' In all her subsequent life this excellent woman retained the confident assurance that she should live to extreme old age, and often in times of the greatest distress from hunger, and of apparent danger from other causes, she cheered her family by the assurance that it was given to her to crawl on two sticks, and to have her head like the snow, and roused them to exertion by infusing some part of her own confident reliance upon the protection of a superior and invisible Power."

Another occasion of excitement with the Indian is during the dying moments of one of the family, when, having satisfactorily proved the inefficacy of their *gushkibitagun*, or medicine bag, they have recourse to the *bwinahkeek*, or medicine drum. The entrance to the lodge is then closed up with a black bear skin, and within its vitiated atmosphere a continuous drumming upon a tight skin is kept up, without intermission, for hours, accompanied by a monotonous chant, until the miserable sufferer is distracted first, and then literally asphyxiated. No sooner dead than he is buried; or rather is most usually laid out upon the surface of the ground, and simply protected by a roof-shaped covering. Their *wake* over their dead takes place after this mode of burial, and consists in the lamentations of the women over the entombment for the rest of the day. This is what they are observed to do when thrown in the midst of a civilized settlement; but it is probable that when left to themselves their ceremonials, on such occasions, may be very different. Dr. James, who, in his publication of Tanner's Narrative, has furnished many interesting accounts of the manners and customs of the Chippewas, observes as follows: "In many of their customs relating to the treatment of the dead we can discover not only the traces of kind feeling, but a strong confidence in a future existence, and the belief that their departed friends can know and estimate the value of friendly offices rendered them after their departure. At the time of the great council at Prairie du Chien in 1825," says Dr. James, "a Sioux chief of the remote band of the Sissitong, sickened and died of a bilious fever. He had been a distinguished man among his own people, and, as he had come a great distance from his own country, in obedience to the call of our government, the military commandant at this post was induced to bury him with the honors of war. The men of his band were gathered around his body in the lodge where he died, and when the escort arrived they raised him upon his bier, a hundred manly voices at the same time chanting forth a requiem, thus rendered by a person well acquainted with their language:

'Grieve not, our brother! the path thou art walking
Is that in which we and all men must follow.'

And this they continued to repeat until they reached the grave."

There is something impressive and affecting in their habit of preserving the *jebi*, or memorial of the dead, which like our weeds and crapes, finds a place in many a dwelling where little of mourning is visible. Yet, though the place which death had made vacant in their hearts, may have been filled, they seem never to forget the supply they consider due the wants of the departed. Whenever they eat or drink, a portion is carefully set apart for the *jebi*, and this observance continues for years, should they not, in the meantime, have an opportunity to send out this memorial with some war party: when, if it be thrown down on

the field of battle, as they aim always to do, then their obligation to the departed ceases.

In sickness, the Indian is very desponding, and if relief be speedily administered to him, is equally grateful. He acknowledges services thus rendered to him, in manner and kind, to the utmost of his abilities. He seems to have fallen heir to all the diseases that afflict the human race, and is not known to have any one peculiar to his condition. In their own original and genuine custom, when the doctor—*muskekiwainni*, literally medicine-man—is called in, it is usual to present him, as he enters the lodge of his patient, a kettle of the best food they are able to procure, and it is very generally the case that the medicine-man commences his treatment by assuring his patient that he is suffering from the malice of some enemy. He may possibly go still further, and not satisfied with telling his patient that he is under the influence of the incantations of some body, will name some person, either his own or his patient's enemy, as he may think most for his interest. In other words, the Indian medicine-man is a rank impostor or quack.

After the distribution of the fresh blankets and new clothing, the Indian encampment assumes a gayer aspect. The women turn out in their newly acquired finery, displaying all the coquetry of their sex, in which the men are by no means deficient, except that with an inherent love, as it were, of paint, they daub their white blankets with red, blue and black earths, with grotesque representations of all sorts, which speedily brings them into the condition of dirty clothes, even before the time of departure for their forest homes.

Taking a final leave of the Chippewas, a few reflections may be indulged, as respects the efforts to introduce our Christian civilization among them. It must be conceded, in the first place, that the Catholic missionaries have been most successful. And in reference to missionary labors, generally, among the Indians, it has been justly said that "they originate as well in a diffusive and amiable benevolence as a feeling of justice, and severe, though tardy compunction, which would seek, at this late day, to render to the starved and shivering remnant of the people who received us to their country in our day of small things, some recompense for the fair inheritance which we have wrested from their forefathers. The example of the Cherokees, and some others in the south, has been sufficient to prove that, under the influence of a mild climate and a fertile soil, these people can be taught habits of settled, if not persevering industry. From this condition of things we can already see how, among that people, habits of mental enterprise and industry are to spring up, and we look forward with confidence to a source of continued improvement. That all the other bands and tribes, under similar auspices and similar influences, would pursue a similar course, can not be doubted. Philologists and speculative theorists may divide and class as they please; to the patient and industrious observer, who has mingled intimately with this race in the low and fertile districts of the Mississippi, in the broad and smiling plains of Arkansas and the Red River, in the forests of the Upper Mississippi, and among the pines and the mosses of the upper lakes, it will be evident that the aboriginal people of the United States territory are all of one family, not by physical constitution and habit only, but by the structure and temperaments of their minds; their modes of thinking and acting; and, indeed, in all physical and mental peculiarities which set them apart from the remainder of the human family as a peculiar people. Whatever course has, in one situation, proved in any measure effectual to reclaim them from their vague and idle habits, will certainly succeed in another situation, though perhaps more slowly, as they may be influenced by a less genial climate, or more barren soil."—*Dr. James, in Tanner's Narrative.*

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXIX.

Out of the depths, O Lord! to thee
I raise my feeble cry;
And while I suppliant bend the knee,
O let thy grace be nigh.

If thou, O Lord, wilt mark our sin,
Before thee who shall stand?
Yet mercy all from thee may win,
And gain the heavenly land.

My soul hath trusted in thy word,
Which stands for ever sure;
My hopes have been in thee, my Lord,
Thou refuge of the poor!

Let Israel ever trust in thee,
From morning dawn till night;
Because he shall thy mercy see,
And in thy grace delight.

From all iniquity my soul,
O God! thou wilt redeem;
And while eternal ages roll
Thy grace shall be my theme. V. D. B.

Louisville, August 24th, 1845.

THE LIVING ROSARY.

AS THE devotion of the living rosary is daily becoming more popular among the piously inclined, the readers of the Magazine will doubtless be pleased with an account of its origin, its nature, and its advantages.

This admirable devotion commenced in the city of Lyons in the year 1826. It owes its origin to the same pious individual whom the Lord had chosen, four years before, to be the foundress of that great work of religion, the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. A few years after the devotion had been established, it attracted the attention of Cardinal Lambruschini, who was then nuncio of the holy see in France. On his way through Lyons the cardinal had an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the forms and rules of the devotion, and was delighted to witness the abundant fruits of virtue which it had already produced. Having returned to Rome, he gave an account of it to his present holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, who was graciously pleased to give it his solemn sanction and approbation, and to enrich it with the following indulgences.

"We grant to all the faithful of Christ of both sexes, who are enrolled amongst the servants of the Virgin according to

the practice of the devotion, which they call of the *Living Rosary*, a plenary indulgence, which can also be applied to the deceased, on the first festival day after having undertaken this pious work, provided that, truly penitent, they shall have duly purified themselves by the sacraments of penance and the eucharist.

"Moreover, besides the indulgences, which the Roman pontiffs, our predecessors, have decreed for the reciting of the Rosary, we grant an indulgence of a hundred days as often as on week-days the part of the Rosary assigned, according to the regulation of the pious exercise, may be recited, and an indulgence of seven years with as many quarantines, if the same work be religiously performed on Sundays and festivals throughout the year, upon those even from which the precept of hearing mass has been taken away, and during the octaves of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Pasch of the Resurrection, Corpus Christi, Pentecost, and the Assumption, Nativity and Conception of the blessed Virgin Mary.

"But for the more solemn days of the Nativity, Epiphany, Circumcision, Pasch, Ascension and Corpus Christi, likewise for Pentecost Sunday, and for the feast of the august Trinity, also for all, even the lesser festival days, of the blessed Virgin Mary, also on the festival of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and on the third Sunday of every month, we grant a plenary indulgence which can be applied for the deceased, provided both, that the appointed reciting have been made attentively and piously, every day, for at least a month before, unless a person should have been prevented by some lawful cause, and that the sacraments of confession and communion have been received on the aforesaid days, and that devout prayers be offered in some church; which indulgences, however, we advertise to be gained by those who, either from weak health, or prevented by any just cause, can not repair to a church, some other work being substituted, according to the discretion of the confessor."

The living rosary consists in the union of fifteen persons, who form themselves into a company, and divide among themselves the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, assigning by lot one to each person. By thus reciting each one a decade or one *Our Father* and ten *Hail Marys*, with a *Glory be to the Father*, in honor of their respective mysteries, the members of the company keep up the daily recitation of the entire rosary. A number of companies, united under a clergyman as director, constitutes a sodality. Each company has a president, by whom the mysteries are distributed by means of printed tickets. The persons who receive the first joyful mystery of the rosary, recite, in addition to the above mentioned prayers, the *Creed*, an *Our Father*, and three *Hail Marys*. The holy sacrifice of the mass is offered for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the members, on the third Sunday of every month, the day of the plenary indulgence. The members give a small donation at the monthly meetings for defraying the expenses of printing and stationery, or for the decoration of the sanctuary.

The devotion of the living rosary is substantially the same as the ordinary rosary, the nature and advantages of which have been already explained in the second volume of this Magazine. The peculiar advantages of the living rosary consist, first, in the assigning of a small portion of the rosary to each person, and thereby inducing a greater number of individuals to unite in it; secondly, in bringing together a number of pious Christians in the exercise of prayer, and thirdly, in causing the members of each company by this means to become partakers of each other's prayers and devotions, and to acquire individually the merit of reciting the whole rosary, from the circumstance of its being recited by the band to which they belong. Christians, therefore, have the strongest inducements to join in the devotion of the living rosary. E.

THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

HERE are few finer things in Europe than the monastery called by this name. It stands on the very edge of France, close to the borders of Savoy, amongst the mountains which form the lowest and most western line of the great chain of the Alps. It is distant about sixteen English miles from Grenoble, the chief town of the department of the Isere, and about twelve from Les Echelles, in Savoy, a small town on the great road from France to Italy by mount Cenis and Turin.

Les Echelles stands in a plain quite surrounded by high mountains, on a river called the Guiers Vif. It is like the situation of Beddgelert, in Carnarvonshire, except that the mountains are nearly twice as high as those in Wales. When you set out for Les Echelles to go to the Grande Chartreuse, you cross the Guiers Vif, and enter France immediately; for this little river here divides the two countries of France and Savoy. You then go along the plain, for about three or four miles, towards the mountains which surround it, and which rise so high and so steep, and so without any apparent opening, that you can not fancy where the road will carry you. At last, when you are come close under them, you find that an enormous notch, as it were, has been cut down into them from top to bottom, just wide enough to leave room for a roaring mountain torrent which comes hurrying down, and presently falls into the Guiers Vif. This torrent is called the Guiers Mort, or the Dead Guiers; as the name of the other means the "Quick," or the Living Guiers. Up the banks of this Dead Guiers you are now to make your way, in the deep notch above mentioned; so deep that in winter the sun can hardly be seen over the tops of the cliffs, and so narrow that there is only room for the chafing torrent, and a narrow road, or rather track, cut through the wood along its side. The trees, all the way, are magnificent, chiefly pines and beech, and the timber grows to an enormous size. You go in this sort of scenery for about seven or eight miles, ascending all the way, and in some places the track is very steep, and is cut in zigzags to ease it; for you are going up towards the source of the Dead Guiers, and sometimes the ground falls, or rather rises to you, so rapidly that the stream comes down in a succession of waterfalls; and, as you have to follow the course of the stream, your track is steep in proportion. At last, when you have thus got up to a great height, you find an opening in the mountains on your left hand, where another little torrent comes down into the Guiers; and this is not such a mere notch as the glen up which you have been toiling, but is wide enough to have some pasture in it, and the green open fields look quite cheerful amidst the dark masses of wood which form a ring round them. You turn up this opening and ascend some way farther, and then, just at the head of this little valley, under high walls of cliff which rise up abruptly out of the pines, and stop all farther progress, you see the monastery of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

It is a very large pile of buildings, like one of our colleges, enclosing a great oblong square or cloister, the length of which is six hundred and seventy-two French feet, or nearly seven hundred and fourteen English. At each corner the roof runs up very high to a point, like the two wings of the Tuileries at Paris. Your guide takes you to a large out-building, where you leave your horses, and where you are met by one of the lay-brothers, who conducts you to the monastery, and shows you into the strangers' room. Here you may dine, if you require it; but no meat is allowed to be eaten at the

Chartreuse, either by the monks themselves or by others. The lay-brother then returns to take you round the building. The cells of the fathers are ranged along the sides of the great cloister, with little mottos from holy Scripture, or from some religious book, painted outside on the doors. Each cell includes two rooms and a sort of closet for books, besides a lumber or wood-room on the ground-floor, opening into a little garden, enclosed within four stone walls; but when you look beyond the walls, or rather up into the sky, you see the magnificent boundary wall of cliff, crowned with pines on its summit, and a cross affixed on the highest peak of all. By each cell door is a small hole in the wall, at which the father's provisions are given in to him; for they only dine in the hall on Sundays and holidays, and even then they do not speak to one another; for the rule of the Carthusians, as they are called, is one of the strictest of all the monastic orders, and they may not speak either to one another or to strangers, without the leave of their superior.

Before the first French revolution the monks had a very considerable property in the forests which surround their monastery. But at the revolution they were deprived both of their forests and of their monastery; the former were sold to different individuals, but the latter never could find a purchaser;—its remote situation rendering it unfit for any other purpose than that for which it had been originally designed. Accordingly, when the Bourbons came back in 1814, the monks returned to the Grande Chartreuse, and to the possession of the meadows immediately around it, with the liberty of getting their fuel from the adjoining forests. In 1830 there were about one hundred and fifty persons belonging to the monastery, including the fathers and the lay-brothers. They visit the sick, and perform spiritual duties in the small chapels and churches scattered over the surrounding mountains. For eight months in the year the snow lies all round the monastery, and of course the climate is too cold either for corn or fruit; but in the summer months, when strangers commonly visit it, the bright green of the pastures, and the magnificent size of the buildings, seeming like a little habitable and humanized spot in the midst of the forests and cliffs, form a scene not only most sublime, but even cheerful and delightful.

The monks of the Grande Chartreuse, living in the midst of a wilderness, with winter lasting for two-thirds of the year, eating no meat, wearing horse-hair next their skin, and depriving themselves of one of the greatest of earthly blessings, that of social intercourse, and being in all things bound by the strictest and most precise rules,—are one extreme of human life. The colonist of a new country, under a fine climate with a rich soil, surrounded by the restless activity of a growing settlement, with a low standard of public morals, small restraints of law and few of religion, eating and drinking to his heart's content, quarrelsome and insolent out of the very plenty of his condition, talking much, reading little, thinking less, and the efforts of his mind reaching no farther than to political abuse or election squabbles,—is a specimen of another extreme. The idler in luxurious cities, hurrying from one false excitement to another, living amidst a constant round of dinners and routs, passing the night in gilded saloons where the passion for gain assumes its most hideous form of selfishness at the gaming-table, clinging to his bed till the meridian sun has seen the daily task of the industrious more than half finished—this man is a specimen of a third extreme. But as long as we have any notions of what is noble—as long as we feel that the character is exalted by every effort, and injured by habits of mere enjoyment—so long will the extreme of self-denial be judged by all good and wise men to be more respectable, and therefore more useful than the extremes of self-indulgence.—*Weekly Instructor.*

CURIOSITIES OF FASHION.

IS true that a fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey, for its deformity. The high head-dresses of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Europe, and endured through a century. The high heels, which almost wholly precluded safe walking, lasted their century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for fifty thousand people. Snuff has been universally in use from the seventeenth century; and the sum spent on this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in this general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times over, and, turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.—*Blackwood.*

TIME.

Say, is there aught that can convey
An image of Time's transient stay?
'Tis a hand-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courier's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapor in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh:—
Mortal, be prepared to die!—*W. Instructor*

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

GERMANY.—A letter from Berlin of the 8th inst., in the *German Universal Gazette*, states that all the Protestant princes of Germany have resolved in their quality of chiefs of that religion, to convoke deputies to deliberate on the affairs of the Protestant church.

A meeting of Lutheran ministers has lately taken place at Wirtemberg, to deliberate whether Protestantism should express any interest in Rongeism. It was unanimously resolved that the "movement" should neither be checked nor promoted, but should be left to itself, in the hope that "the word of God would not be found wanting to itself." In fact, all partisans of every creed seek to disclaim the loose theological rabble of rationalists and infidels who have gathered round the banner of Ronge for no other reason than that it is displayed against that which was obnoxious to them all.—*Correspondent.*

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published *in extenso* a letter addressed by the Archbishop of Posen to the King of Prussia respecting the new dissenters. In that letter his grace particularly urged the necessity of forbidding the followers of the modern creed to call themselves "Catholics." The archbishop concludes his letter in the following terms: "Through such a prohibition the due right of the Catholic church would be maintained without in any way infringing the legal liberty of conscience of any individual, and a wholesome restraint would be imposed on sectarians by removing a snare which they employ for the deception of the unwary; for, although up to the present time their manœuvres have found but little response in this province, and only a few tepid and thoughtless Catholics, comparatively speaking, have joined them, they are not by any means discouraged, but, on the contrary, are unremitting in their exertions to propagate their principles." The prelate next censured the local authorities of Potsdam and the legislature of the province of Prussia, assembled in Dantzic, for having encouraged the sectarians by expressions of sympathy, and by pecuniary contributions. The archbishop expresses his conviction that the new sect is chiefly composed of persons who are partisans of religious licentiousness (*ungebundenheit*) and indifferentism, and that it comprises many individuals favorable to radicalism and communism, who meditate political changes under the mask of religious innovation. There can be no doubt that the archbishop's letter will receive due attention from the king, as his majesty is incontestably hostile to the sect. The *Silesian Gazette* states that a follower of Ronge and of Dowiat, in Dantzic, a priest named Rudolph, has abjured his errors and returned to the "one fold of the one Shepherd."

The Rev. Dr. Keiner and the Rev. M. Nitschke were excommunicated at Breslau on the 9th inst.

Mixed marriages in the Grand Duchy of Baden.—A conflict has arisen between the government of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the archbishop of Friburg, similar to that which has existed between the archbishop of Cologne and the government of Prussia. The prelate of Friburg having commanded his clergy not to celebrate any mixed marriages without his license as metropolitan, the government issued a declaration that this order was null and void, as being contrary to the usages of the country. Notwithstanding this, the archbishop has reiterated his order, and enjoined his clergy to a strict observance of it, under the faith of the oath they took when they were ordained, if the parties do not agree to bring up the children in the Catholic faith. Steps are to be taken against the bishop in the course of the approaching session.

ENGLAND.—*Roman Catholic statistics.*—During the last six years, 54 new Roman Catholic churches have been erected in England. Many of them, especially those in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Newcastle, Macclesfield, and Coventry, are on the largest scale of parochial building in this country. Seven religious houses have been erected; nineteen new communities of

nuns, and nine houses of religious men; and nearly two million volumes of Catholic publications have been printed in the same period. According to Mr. Pugin, the architect, St. George's Roman Catholic church, in London, when completed, will, next to Westminster Abbey, be the largest Gothic structure in the metropolis.—*Chronicle.*

State Religions.—A recently issued parliamentary paper informs us that during the fifteen years, from 1830 to 1844, the amount of public money granted in aid of religious purposes was 2,745,853l. 8s. 1d. Of this sum there was 88,742l. 17s. 5d. spent abroad, as the expenses of the clergy connected with foreign embassies and missions. The grants to the church of England amount to 4,441l. 3s. 2d., and those to the church of Ireland to 0l. 0s. 0d. But the clergy in Ireland received for them 957,496l. 13s. 7d., and grants to the clergy of England in tithe matters amount to 624,403l. 5s. 1d., to which must be added 7,199l. 1s. 10d. for the expenses of bishops and clergy on their journeys of visitation, and passages out and home, which, with the 88,742l. for the clerical expenses of embassies and consulates, will make a total of 720,345l. The tithe commission is included in this amount; and from 1837 to the close of 1844, it cost the country the sum of 317,800l. 10s. 3d. In England, during the fifteen years included in the return, the amount spent in building and repairing churches and chapels, including drawback of duty on the materials used, has been 226,952l. 18s. In Scotland, during the same period, and for the same object, the sum of 65,791l. 5s. 9d. has been spent; in Ireland, only 277l. 7s. 9d., which was in the year 1833. Increase of stipends in Scotland has taken 2000l. a year, the procurator of the church and his subordinates, the royal chaplains, the dean of the Thistle, and the itinerant preachers ordered by the general assembly, make up the annual charge to government to about 23,000l. The only consulate chaplaincy, in connection with the church of Scotland, is at Buenos Ayres, the cost of which, since 1835 to 1844, is stated at 2,549l. The annual amount paid out of the public funds to Protestant Dissenters in England is 1,862l., but in Ireland it amounts to 34,629l. Consequently, while Dissenters in England have, in 15 years, received 27,514l., those in Ireland have received 424,261l. The "church of Rome in Ireland" has, during the same period, received 136,162l., paid in annual sums of 8,928l. (The Dissenters in Ireland are about 700,000, the Catholics are nearly 8,000,000!) From a supplement to the same return, we find that, in 1818 and 1823, two acts appropriated 1,500,000l. for the building and enlargement of churches in England; which, with 34,782l. 17s. received as interest, and 53,619l. 1s. 10d. as drawback on materials used in building, gives a total of 1,588,401l. 19s. 7d. appropriated for this purpose. During the same period, there was 68,564l. 15s. 6d. applied in the same way in Scotland; and 2,113l. was allowed for the building and repair of Roman Catholic chapels. The total amount from 1800 to 1829 was 2,290,712l.; from 1830 to 1844, as already stated, it was 2,745,853l.—*Chronicle.*

The subjoined account of a Catholic marriage in Staffordshire, England, is of so interesting a character, and reminds one so much of the spirit of the "ages of faith" as to require no apology for its insertion at large.

Wolsley Hall.—A Catholic marriage.—On the morning of the 22d ult., Caroline, the beautiful daughter of Sir Charles Wolsley, bart. (of Wolsley Hall, Staffordshire), was married to Marmaduke Salvin, Esq., of Burahall, Durham. On this occasion, the ancient Catholic spirit, for which Staffordshire was once so renowned, was displayed in a very interesting manner. The marriage ceremony took place at the Catholic chapel of Stafford, that of Heywood, which is the only one in the parish licensed for marriages, not being completely finished. A large marquee or tent was erected in front of Wolsley Hall, and there all the poor of the locality, including Colwich and Great and Little Heywood, were plentifully fed with roast beef and plum pudding. Nor were the numerous poor Irish at Rugely forgotten by the worthy and most generous baronet on this joyous occasion. They, too, had a good and substantial meal. All the tenants dined in the servants' hall—and, in addition to some remarkably fine March ale, which was also given in abundance to those in the tent, the tenants were allowed to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom in old Port wine, which had been in Sir Charles' cellars over twenty years. Nor was the church forgotten on this auspicious day, for the Rev. J. Levi, the pastor of the mission, received for himself 25l. at the offertory, likewise 25l. towards the

purchase of a bell, and a magnificent suit of vestments for the new church now in progress of erection. Twenty-six young girls, chosen from the poor school of St. Benedict's priory, of which the sister of Mr. Salvin is the subprioress, were entirely clothed in handsome dresses and bonnets at the expense of the bridegroom, the number corresponding to the age of the bride; and these innocent and happy looking young creatures added considerably to the festivity of the scene. In fact, many years have elapsed since a marriage so truly Catholic has been witnessed in that part of Staffordshire. We understand that Sir Charles, the father of the happy bride, who is now in his 77th year, is about to resign Wolsley Hall, the family mansion, to his only son, lately returned from the continent, and that he is about to establish himself at a neighboring seat, ("the Sparrow's Nest,") which is but a short distance from the hall, being merely separated from it by the beautiful river Trent. No man in the county is more remarkable for benevolence and hospitality than this venerable baronet, who is one of the late accessions to the Catholic church.

IRELAND.—*Famine.—Public Prayers in the Catholic Churches.*—The Most Rev. Dr. Murray has ordered the special collect to be said in deprecation of approaching famine.

Public Prayers in the Established Churches.—"The second prayer appointed to be used in time of famine has been ordered by the primate and several bishops to be offered in the churches during the present month."

Meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops.—The *Dublin Evening Post*, of Wednesday, has the following:

"The annual synod of the Catholic prelates of Ireland was held on Tuesday, at the presbytery of the cathedral, Marlborough street. The prelates assembled at eleven o'clock, and remained in deliberation until six o'clock in the afternoon, when they adjourned. Their lordships had another protracted sitting yesterday. The principal subject which engaged the attention of the prelates, was the academical education act. The following is a transcript of the proceedings on this important question, and also in reference to a state provision for the Catholic clergy. Upon this vital subject, the prelates unanimously declare that their opinions, often before promulgated, are 'unchanged and unchangeable.' The Most Rev. Dr. Crolly in the chair. It was moved by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally:

"*Resolved*, That the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, having resolved that the measure of academic education proposed by the government was dangerous to faith and morals, while the securities which they required for the removal of those dangers were refused by the government and the legislature, we, as guardians of the faith in Ireland, and anxious to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, lay before the holy father our former resolutions, and their application to the act in its present form, together with the grounds on which those resolutions were founded, in order that we may all receive the decision of his holiness, and recognise the voice of Peter in the person of his successor. Dissentient, because we consider the following resolution, proposed and supported by us, is a more accurate statement of the case, and more respectful to the holy see:

"*Resolved*, That the bill for academical education in Ireland, proposed by the British government, together with the memorial of the assembled prelates in May last, and the bill in its amended form, be submitted to the holy see for its consideration and decision. W. Crolly, D. Murray, J. Ryan, P. M'Gettigan, J. Browne, Kilmore; C. Denvir.

"Proposed by the Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, and seconded by the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly:

"*Resolved unanimously*, That our resolutions, adopted at different periods, condemning a state provision for our clergy, be now republished, in order to inform our people that our opinions on the subject are unchanged and unchangeable. Most Rev. M. Slattery, chairman; Right Rev. V. L. O'Donnell, secretary

"*Resolved* on the 10th November, 1841, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale in the chair. Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran:

"*Resolved unanimously*, That his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray be requested to call a special general meeting of the prelates of all Ireland, in case that he shall have clear proof or well-grounded apprehensions that the odious and alarming scheme of a state provision for the Catholic clergy of this portion of the empire shall be contemplated by the government before our next general meeting. John,

archbishop of Tuam, chairman; T. Feeney, secretary.

"At a general meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, held in the parochial house, Marlborough street, the following resolution was proposed and adopted:

"*Resolved*, That, alarmed at the report that an attempt is likely to be made during the approaching session of parliament to make a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, we deem it our imperative duty not to separate without recording the expression of our strongest reprobation of any such attempt, and of our unalterable determination to resist by every means in our power a measure so fraught with mischief to the independence and purity of the Catholic religion in Ireland. D. Murray, chairman; P. Kennedy, secretary.

"At a meeting of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of Ireland, held in the presbytery house, Marlborough street, on the 15th day of November, 1843. Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray; seconded by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery:

"*Unanimously resolved*, That the resolutions of January, 1837, and of November, 1841, be now re-published, in order to make known to our faithful clergy and people, and to all others concerned, that our firm determination on this subject remains unchanged, and that we unanimously pledge ourselves to resist by every influence we possess, every attempt that may be made to make any state provision for the Catholic clergy, in whatever shape or form it may be offered.—John, archbishop of Tuam, chairman; John Madden, secretary."

Father Peter Kenny, S. J.—The *Freeman* says: "Mr. Del Vecchio, of Brunswick street, has just executed a bust of the late celebrated Father Peter Kenny, S. J., the head of the order of Loyola in Ireland, and so well known as a scholar, revered as a Christian pastor, and admired for his eloquence. Mr. Del Vecchio, it appears, has got orders for a bust of this distinguished divine from the Jesuit establishments in Ireland and England, as well as individual admirers of the deceased. The likeness is taken from a cast, or mask, moulded from the face immediately after death, and the likeness is striking."

Religion in Dublin.—Some time ago the Catholics of Dublin were driven by persecution to hold divine worship in obscure hovels—in by lanes of this city. On one occasion an old house, in which they were gathered together for this purpose, fell, burying many beneath its ruins. This calamity raised a blush on the face of persecution itself, and the law by which Catholic chapels were closed up was in some slight degree relaxed, by permission of the authorities. But it was not till the administration of Lord Chesterfield, one hundred years ago, that its enforcement was at last discontinued. Now, however, thanks to the patience and perseverance of the good and true of those times, to their prayers, and the prayers of the saints, and to the Almighty's crowning blessing upon all, the most distinguished and prominent edifices in the second capital of the British empire are the churches of the Catholics.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.

Regulations for the ensuing Lent in this Diocess.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. They are only to make one meal a day, excepting Sundays.

3. The meal allowed on fast-days is not to be taken till about noon.

4. At that meal, if on any day permission should be granted for eating flesh, both flesh and fish are not to be used at the same time.

5. A small refreshment, commonly called *collation*, is allowed in the evening; no general rule as to the quantity of food permitted at this time is or can be made. But the practice of the most regular Christians is, never to let it exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. The quality of food allowed at a collation is, in this diocess, bread, butter, cheese, all kinds of fruit, salads, vegetables, and fish, though not warm, but fish previously prepared and grown cold. Milk and eggs are prohibited.

7. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid; as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate, made with water, to which a few drops of milk may be added, serving rather to color the liquids, than make them substantial food.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of hog's lard, instead of butter, in preparing fish, vegetables, &c. &c. &c.

9. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: young persons under twenty-one years of age, the sick, pregnant women, or giving suck to infants, those who

are obliged to hard labor, all who through weakness can not fast without great prejudice to their health.

10. By dispensation, the use of flesh-meat will be allowed at any time on Sundays, and once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, with the exception of the first four days, and all Holy Week, including Palm Sunday.

† SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Given at Baltimore on the Feast of Saint John Chrysostom.

Annual Report of St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Baltimore.

RECEIPTS FOR 1845.

Annual and monthly subscriptions,		$ 560 77
Donations as follows: Catholic society,	50 00	
A gentleman of New Orleans,	200 00	
Various persons,	410 00	
Children's parents,	131 00	
Charity box,	81 21	
Proceeds of sales of Orphans' work,	82 61	
" Orphans' press,	64 97	
Sewing society, &c.,	69 79	
		$1,650 35

EXPENDITURES FOR 1845.

Groceries, provisions, &c.	$1,105 00	
Clothing, shoes, &c.,	544 00	
Fuel,	122 38	
Repairs and incidental expenses,	176 94	
		$1,948 92
Number of orphans in the Asylum,	69	
Do. orphans placed out,	9	
Do. orphans received,	22	
Do. day scholars,	100 to 150	
At the commencement of the year there was a balance in the Treasurer's hands of		$1,147 34
Amount of expenditures over and above receipts,	$298 57	
Amount paid towards completion of building,	500 00	798 57
Balance,		$348 77
The new addition to the orphan house, a spacious three story building, has been erected and completed within the past year, the entire cost of which is		$6,000 00
The whole amount of contributions received for this object is	$2,500 00	
Amount borrowed on mortgage,	3,000 00	
Amount applied out of balance in Treasury,	500 00	
		$6,000 00

Balto., Jan'y 17, 1846.

The names of the subscribers to the Orphan Asylum will be given in a future number.

Interesting Correspondence.—Our readers no doubt remember the letter which was published in the Magazine of September last, addressed to the Rev. Roman Weinzœphlen, by a committee of Catholic young men, on the occasion of presenting him a chalice, in the name of the Catholic young men of Baltimore. The chalice was transmitted through the medium of the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding of Kentucky, and designed by the donors as a "testimonial of their respect" for the character of the Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlen, "and of their sympathy for the sufferings from which he was but recently relieved." The Rev. Mr. Spalding, in a letter dated December 26th, 1845, communicates to his correspondents the gratifying intelligence that the chalice had reached its proper destination, and also transmits a highly interesting acknowledgment from the Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlen himself, addressed to the committee of the Catholic young men of Baltimore. The following is the correspondence as above stated.

LOUISVILLE, *December 26th*, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor of transmitting herewith a letter addressed to you by the Rev. Roman Weinzœphlen in acknowledgment of his having received the beautiful and appropriate present which you sent him through myself some time last summer. Though dated December 9th, as you will perceive, I received it only on yesterday evening. Mr. Basil Elder, of Baltimore, one of your number, handed me the chalice for Mr. Weinzœphlen early in September last, and a few days thereafter, being in Madison, Indiana, I placed it in the hands of the Rev. Julian Delaune, with the request that he would forward it to its destination by the earliest safe opportunity. At the same time I wrote to the Rev Mr. Weinzœphlen, advising him that I had received the present for him, and that he might expect it in a few days. But owing to circumstances beyond the control of Rev. Mr. Delaune, the

chalice was not received by Mr. Weinzœphlen until the 29th of November last. He used it in offering up the holy Victim on the following morning, the feast of St. Andrew the apostle; when, you may rest assured, he did not forget his kind friends in Baltimore and elsewhere.

And I have to thank you for having thought proper to make me the medium for transmitting your present to Rev. Mr. Weinzœphlen, and to unite with him in praising you for the noble and truly Catholic spirit which prompted you to make it, and for the excellent taste evinced in its selection.

I remain, gentlemen, truly yours, in our Lord, M. J. SPALDING.

Messrs. Owen O'Brien, Geo. W. Webb, John Sharky, John A. McGreevy, William J. Barry, M. D., D. J. Foley, Michael Connelly, Basil T. Elder, Wm. G. V. Hull, Charles Heuisler, *Committee on behalf of the Catholic young men of Baltimore.*

NOTRE DAME-DU LAC, Dec. 9th, 1845.

Mr. O'Brien and the gentlemen of the committee appointed by the Catholic young men of Baltimore, &c.

GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS:—It did not take me thus long to appreciate the distinguished favor which your piety has inspired you to confer on me, and to become sensible of all the obligations I had the happiness of contracting towards you, by such an honorable token of your friendship and regard. From its first intelligence have I anxiously waited for the moment when I could both express to you the feelings of my respectful gratitude, and acknowledge the reception of the precious memorial of your exalted charity.

The Very Rev. Dr. Spalding had been pleased to inform me himself in September last that he had placed the present in the hands of my best friend, the Rev. Mr. Delaune, at Madison, who would transmit it here by the next safe conveyance. But considering its intrinsic value, and the many special interests that were to endear it to me, he found no one trustworthy enough until some days ago, when it was brought here by a young man of his place.

I have received the marked testimonial of your kind sympathy for my unjust sufferings with the esteem and respect due to your persons, and to the noble sentiments of all who concurred in your generous exertions; but with such emotions of joy, that I did not experience the like even on that night when the Rev. Mr. Delaune came to surprise me with the news of my release from prison. You have set the crown to all the consolations with which, from all sides, I have been favored throughout my difficulties, though they have been so great and abundant that I was often tempted to fear lest God was already in this life imparting to me the full reward of my sufferings for justice' sake, had I not rather viewed the whole as a special disposition of his Providence for glorifying in the end his church against her revilers, and for signalizing in the meanwhile, by this striking instance, that unity of spirit so characteristic of her. A feebler member has been chosen to undergo the persecution, that, the most honorable members suffering with it, they might the more evidently appear to be influenced by no personal merit or qualification of the sufferer, but by the purest motives of that divine charity which animates this body.

No sooner had the unbiassed public examined and repudiated the foul calumny than its victim was surrounded by the general attention and tender solicitude of all ranks. The reverend clergy of Indiana and Kentucky seemed almost vying with one another who could the most effectually comfort and assist me. To describe what the Rev. Mr. Durbin and F. Larkin, and one specially known in your city, have in particular done for me, I would need their own heart and science. On the side of the laity have been evinced no less numerous proofs of the same Christian love, among which indeed shines forth most brightly that so justly admired in you, and also that of the Hon. B. Thomas of Vincennes, by his disinterested and unshaken devotedness to my cause. O happy communion of a church that gives such proofs of the spirit of charity dwelling in her! Unspeakable was the delight with which I learned in my prison that one of our first prelates had condescended to desire his reverend clergy to offer up the holy sacrifice in behalf of the persecuted, and that his desire, as by inspiration, reechoed and was responded to throughout the different states. It is owing but to the fervent prayers which, from all quarters, were poured forth to God that the repeated efforts of my Protestant and Catholic friends obtained my liberation from unjust confinement, and that finally the whole

scheme of the conspiracy was so completely manifested by its own unhappy author. This wonderful issue which divine bounty has made to our tribulations, must confirm in us the cherished hope that the many fervent prayers, which still continue to be offered *for those who calumniated and persecuted us*, will likewise obtain their salutary effect.

It was on St. Andrew's day that I was able to use for the first time your precious chalice in the holy sacrifice; but I beg you to believe that it was not then for the first time I began to respond to your pious request of being remembered in the sacred mysteries, with all those most near and dear to you. Unable, as I consider myself, ever to acknowledge worthily the immense services which I have received, I feel too happy *to call upon the name of the Lord* in the daily oblation that *he may pay* my debts to my countless benefactors. And who should have a greater share *in the sacrifice of praise* than those who, in exchange for the cup of bitterness, have presented me with *the chalice of salvation?* The Rev. F. Sorin, my superior, has readily consented that a special mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated in the chapel of the noviciate on the lovely day of the Immaculate Conception, and that a general communion should be offered by the pious brothers according to the intention of all our friends of Baltimore.

As long as it shall be given to me to offer up the holy sacrifice, this chalice, which I dearly preserve as a monument of your edifying love for our holy religion, shall always remind me of the duty of beseeching the adorable Victim to impart to you all the abundance of his graces and heavenly blessings.

Please to receive, dear friends, and to convey to your beloved fellow Catholics, the assurance of my profound consideration and warmest affection, and to favor me with the continuance of your pious prayers.

Your servant in Christ, and devoted friend,

R. Weinzœphlin.

☞ At a meeting of the *Young Catholics' Friend Society*, the following resolutions were, on the announcement of the death of their late secretary, unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have learned with feelings of deep regret the intelligence of the decease of our late much esteemed and respected fellow-member, Philip P. Eckle.

Resolved, That whilst we lament his death, we have the consolation of believing that his pious and exemplary life has gained for him the rewards of heaven—a consolation which must also soothe the grief of his relatives and friends.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with his afflicted sister and brother for the loss they have sustained in the demise of one so much and so deservedly beloved by them.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to have the solemn sacrifice of the mass offered for the repose of his soul, in the name of the society, at which the members be requested to attend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his relatives, and published in the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

Francis E. Boyle, *Rec. Sec.*

Diocess of New York.—*Ordination.*—The Rt. Rev Dr. McCloskey conferred the order of priesthood on the Rev. W. Quinn, of St. John's College, on the 17th inst., in St. Patrick's cathedral.—*Herald.*

Half Orphan Asylum Society.—A society of this name has been recently started in New York, whose objects are thus stated in the Freeman's Journal: The objects of the contemplated aid embrace a wide class of Catholic poor, whose early instruction, besides the immediate removal of so large an amount of destitution, must exercise the most important influence on their future lives. We earnestly hope the society will receive a degree of public support worthy of the comprehensive spirit of benevolence which appears in the plan of its formation.

Diocess of Detroit.—*Dedicatian of a New Church.*—A correspondent of the *Catholic Herald* states that on Sunday, the 30th of November, the Rev. Mr. Sorin, superior of the priests of the Holy Cross, dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a new church at the Indian settlement in Pokagon, Berrien county, Michigan. This settlement has a resident priest, the Rev. Father Marevault, one of the Fathers of Notre Dame, who is already able to preach to his beloved Indians in their own language, to whom he devotes nearly all his time. There are also at this settlement two of the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin, who devote themselves to the instruction of the Indian females, not only in keeping a school, but also in household and domestic employments. —*Boston Pilot.*

Diocess of Pittsburg.—*Taking the Veil.* On Tuesday, the feast of the Epiphany, Miss Frances Browne (Sister Mary Theresa), Miss Mary McCaffry (Sister Mary Liguori), Miss M. Fennissy (Sister Mary Stanislaus), and Miss Ann Caulfield (Sister Martha), received the white veil in the chapel of the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburg, from the hands of the bishop.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Diocess of Chicago.—We learn from the pastoral letter of the bishop of this new diocess that the new building of the theological seminary which is in progress of erection, is so far advanced as to be under roof. There are at present twelve students in the seminary, pursuing a course of theological studies, whilst eleven have completed their term, and been ordained priests, and are now employed on the mission.—*Herald.*

Confirmation.—We are informed that the bishop of Chicago visited Galena towards the close of last month, and spent nearly two weeks in attending to the spiritual affairs of that important section of his diocess. Whilst there, the bishop of Dubuque arrived, and at the request of the bishop of Chicago, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a large number of children, and to some adults. Both prelates preached during the day, and their discourses are said to have imparted much instruction, and to have given much edification. —*Truth Teller.*

New Catholic Church.—We are further informed that a new Catholic church is being built in the thriving city of Galena, the foundation of which is of stone, and the walls of brick. The population of Galena is 4,000, the majority being Catholic! The *lead mines*, no doubt, have attracted to that place great numbers of the laborious class of Irishmen, all of whom are Catholics, and hence the preponderance of numbers in favor of Catholicity. During the last year *the mines* have been unusually productive, and as the president of the United States, in his late message, has recommended the sale of these lands, it is to be hoped that Irishmen will not be blind to their own interest, but will make an effort to become the owners of property that teems with riches and hidden wealth.—*Ib.*

New Catholic Church at Vinegar Hill, Ill.—A new Catholic church has been recently erected at the above named place, through the zealous and indefatigable exertions of the Rev. John Brady, of Galena. The Catholics cooperated with him cheerfully, and contributed to the extent of their means.—*Ib.*

Diocess of Louisville.—*Ordination.* On the 22d December, feast of St. Thomas, an ordination was held in the church of St. Thomas, near Bardstown, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, bishop coadjutor of Louisville, when the holy order of deacon was conferred on Messrs. Lawler and Heymann. On the 26th, feast of St. Stephen, Messrs. McNanahan, McNicholas, and Vol, received the tonsure and minor orders, Mr. Caughlin the minor orders. Messrs. Lawler and Heymann the holy order of priest.

On the 27th, feast of St. John, Messrs. Caughlin, McNicholas, and Vol, were ordained subdeacons.—*Catholic Advocate.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday, December 21st, the Rt. Rev. bishop of Vincennes held an ordination in the cathedral, at which nine candidates for the sacred ministry were presented. Priesthood, Messrs. Daniel Molony and Patrick McDermot; subdeacons, Messrs. Ernest Audrian, Ed. Foller, Andrew Bennet, and John Ryan; minor orders, William Doyle; tonsure, Philip O'Connell and Bartholomew Piers.

The bishop had previously conferred the minor orders, subdeaconship, and deaconship, on Mr. McDermot, and deaconship on Mr. Molony, at ordinations held December 13th, the 3d Sunday of Advent, and Saturday of Ember-week. On the day of the grand ordination, the prelate was assisted in the sanctuary by six priests: Rev. Messrs. Martin, M. E. Shawe, A. Deydier, J. B. Chasse, M. Stahl, and J. Masterton. The ceremonial was conducted with that scrupulous attention to the ritual of the apostolic see for which the cathedral of Vincennes is conspicuously eminent.—*Catholic Advocate.*

A correspondent of the *N. York Freeman's Journal*, writing from Bertrand, says that "at vespers on Christmas day, three young ladies took the habit of the Sisters of the B. V. of the Holy Cross from the hands of the Rev. Father Sorin, superior of Notre Dame du Lac. The names of the young ladies were Miss Margaret Gleeson, from Chicago, now Sister Mary of the Compassion; Miss Mary McIntire, from St. Louis, now Sister Mary of the Conception; and Miss Coffee, from Fort Wayne, Ia., now Sister Mary of St. John. On the

next day we had the happiness of seeing a whole family received into the church, and many more were preparing to do the same."

Diocess of St. Louis.—The Catholic News Letter informs us that a branch of a charitable association, known in France by the name of the "Society of St. Vincent de Paul," has been established in the city of St. Louis, with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of that diocess. The object of this association is a union of individuals for the exercise in common of prayers and works of charity, thus sustaining one another in the practice of virtue. This is the first branch of this society established in this country.

Diocess of Little Rock.—*Ordination.*—On the first Sunday of Advent (Nov. 30th), the Rt. Rev. Dr. Byrne admitted Mr. John Monaghan to the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte, and on the following day, feast of St. Andrew the apostle, the same gentleman received the holy order of subdeacon.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Dangers of Jesuit Instruction.—A pamphlet, with this title, was recently published in St. Louis, purporting to be a sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. Potts. The design of the sermon was to deter Protestants from sending their children to Catholic schools, and a copy of it was sent to one of the editors of the *Alton Telegraph*, whose children are now in Catholic institutions at St. Louis. The editor, in reply, nobly vindicates himself as well as the institutions that are assailed by the pen of bigotry, and we are confident that the following extracts from his article will be read with interest, coming as they do from a Protestant pen. We quote from the *News Letter*.

Every parent has to answer to his child, and to his own conscience, for the manner in which that child is educated; and we hold it to be an imperative duty every good citizen owes to his country to give to those committed to his charge the very best education in his power, and which the means within his reach will justify. If, then, in a community where a parent resides, greater inducements are held out by Roman Catholic than by Protestant institutions, for the education of youth, we hold it to be the bounden duty of that parent to give the former the preference over the latter. Upon this principle have we acted thus far through life, and shall continue so to act, until those whom we have been the means of bringing into existence, shall all have been educated. When we send children to school, it is not for the purpose of having them taught religious tenets, or making them theologians; they are sent there for the purpose of *education* and education alone. * * * * *

So far as the hypothesis of Dr. Potts is concerned, that the schools of the present day are, generally speaking, nurseries of sectarianism, we regret that we are compelled to concede that to a great extent it is true. Candor, however requires us to say that twelve years' experience in the education of children, during ten of which we have employed Protestant teachers, and two Roman Catholic, has disclosed to us the fact that there is far more sectarianism, far more proselyting, far more interference with the religion of a child, in Protestant than in Roman Catholic schools. And we know it to be the fact that Protestant teachers of different denominations have been guilty of the very fault charged by Dr. Potts against Roman Catholics, to direct the religious bias of a child, so as to comport with that of the teachers, though *they knew* at the time it was weaning the child from the religion of its parents, and impressing it with the belief that the teachers, and they alone, were in the right road to heaven.

Against such a course, be it pursued by whom it may, we protest; and in our judgment, if there is any one thing more than another that is operating prejudicially to Protestant institutions of learning, especially in the west, it is the narrow, contracted, sectarian rules by which they are controlled. Most of them are made hot-beds of religious controversy, crying down all other religious denominations but their own, and appealing to the prejudices and passions of each peculiar sect for the support of its institution of learning; instead of relying on its own intrinsic merits, and the liberality and generosity of an entire community, irrespective of sectarian considerations. In both the St. Louis University, and the Visitation—in each of which we have a child—we have found less interference with the religion of their pupils, than in the Protestant schools we have heretofore supported. The teachers have discharged their duty faithfully by our children, whose improvement has been greater, more thorough, and to us more satisfactory, than in any school we have ever before patronized. When Protestants hold out the same inducements for educating the youth of the land that the Roman Catholic institutions of the west do, then we will give them the preference. But so long as they are divided among themselves, exhausting their energies in doctrinal controversies, seeking to proselyte, instead of educating those committed to their charge, dividing and subdividing into new sects, each with some new doctrine of belief, they can neither expect the institutions of learning, under their auspices, to flourish, nor those who desire the thorough education of their children to patronize them.

* * * * *

On the 17th page Dr. Potts attempts to assign his reasons why Protestants should not sustain Roman Catholic schools. He proceeds to show that, as a sect, they are seeking to

control, in a political point of view, England, France, Switzerland, &c.; and thus alludes to their designs upon the United States: "*They will involve this land in troubles and conflicts, just as certain as that like causes produce like effects.*" And then the author propounds the following inquiry:

"Where is the American parent, let alone the Christian under vows, *who, knowing these facts*, will turn over his child to be trained up by men who will use him afterwards as their tool to ruin the liberty, civil and religious, which our fathers transmitted a priceless boon to us?"

We answer unhesitatingly, that "*American parent*" does not live, who would support a Roman Catholic school, did he believe that the design of the Roman Catholics was "to ruin the civil and religious liberty" we as a people in this nation enjoy. Nor will we insult the intelligence and good sense of Dr. Potts to believe that even *he* entertains any such opinions seriously. It is an *ad captandum* argument, thrown into the sermon of this leading divine of the Presbyterian denomination, to alarm the credulous and the timid, and to turn their attention to the *religious obligation* they are under to sustain Presbyterian, instead of other schools. It is an unjust and undeserved aspersion upon the Roman Catholics as a body, which the history of our revolution, as well as the experience of the present day, triumphantly refutes. They are as devoted to our institutions, desire as ardently their perpetuity, obey with as much alacrity the calls of their country in the hour of danger, and fight as bravely, as those who are so prone to array and condemn them without the shade of a shadow of proof. Such declamation may answer the end of alarming women and children: but as in this case, when unsupported by the slightest testimony, will create no impression upon a reflecting, unprejudiced, well balanced mind.

We regret that our space will not allow further extracts from this well written remonstrance, which is equally creditable to the judgment, candor and patriotism of Mr. Davis, the junior editor of the *Alton Telegraph*.

Religious Newspapers in the Family. "The more we consider the wants of Christian families, the deeper is our impression of the importance of a well-selected newspaper for their instruction and permanent welfare. Parents must not thrust in every publication upon their children without examining its character; but must endeavor to make such a selection as will best supply their real necessities. Sound doctrinal and practical instruction in religion; well condensed and ample religious and secular intelligence; chaste and elegant literary selections and original compositions seem to be absolutely necessary at the present day to guard our families from error; to guide them in the acquisition of knowledge; to make them useful in the church, and establish them in the glorious principles of our fathers. For this purpose, the religious newspaper should command the noblest and most popular talent in the country. Without this, however good its intentions, it is not worthy of an introduction, because it is not qualified for its office."

The above, which we have extracted from an exchange paper, is well worthy the attention of families. In our next we shall allude more fully to this subject.

Mysteries of the India Rubber.—An India rubber factory in Providence, R.I., manufactures six hundred pairs of shoes daily. The India rubber, being first mashed, is dissolved in camphine, and passes several times between two iron rollers. It is then run off in a very thin web by passing it between heavy rolls upon cloth, where it is kept in place until several layers are made, so as to obtain the desired thickness. During this operation, the material is made warm by steam. One girl makes from ten to fifteen pairs of men's rubber shoes per day after the material is prepared.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN THE U. S.

	Churches.	*Ministers.*	*Members.*
Catholics,	740	762	1,062,700
O. S. Presbyterian,	2,329	1,746	204,000
New School do.	1,500	13,00	121,000
Other Classes do.	1,150	700	106,000
Congregationalists,	1,440	1,400	203,100
Dutch Reformed,	280	275	32,000
German Reformed,	760	200	76,000
Evangelical German,	805	260	24,000
Lutherans,	1,150	520	150,204
Episc. Methodist,	13,820	12,935	1,139,587
Protestant do.	763	1,350	72,000
Reformed do.	435	82	4,110
Wesleyan do.	——	650	25,000
German do.	1,820	530	19,300
Associate Baptists,	7,501	5,444	651,392
Independent do.	250	155	10,000
Anti-Mission do.	1,978	990	68,611
Seventh day do.	60	74	5,996
Free Will do.	1,165	921	61,372
Reformed do.	2,500	1,750	200,000
Other Baptists,	157	129	11,614
Moravians,	25	30	7,200
Swedenborgians about	50	45	6,000
Episcopalians about	1,300	1,250	70,000
Unitarians,	950	1,030	66,000
Mormons about	——	1,400	50,000
Universalists about	600	250	60,000
Jews,	——	——	35,000

MORTALITY AMONG RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.—A gentleman, who has been connected with the religious press for the last eighteen years, informs the Hartford Herald that during this time more "than four-fifths of the religious newspapers established in the Presbyterian and other corresponding churches have failed for want of due patronage."

JEWISH STATISTICS.—According to *The Faithful Watchman of Zion*, the organ of the orthodox German Jews, there are in Italy 50,000 Israelites, in Holland and Belgium 80,000, in England 30,000, in Denmark and Sweden 5000, in Russia 60,000, in Poland 1,500,000, in Hungary 160,000, in European Turkey 300, 000, and in other parts out of Europe about one million. The *Voice of Jacob* says: "There are at present in Galicia 294 large synagogues, and 100 smaller ones (*schulen*), in Hungary, all places of worship inclusive, 142, in Moravia 52, and in Bohemia 39 large synagogues. *Minyanim* are not allowed in Galicia except by special license of the departmental authority. Among the 80,000 inhabitants of Bagdad there are at present 10,000 Jews. Twenty years back, before the plague swept away two-thirds of the inhabitants, Bagdad numbered twice as many Jews."

JEWS TURNING PROTESTANTS.—From the following statement which appears in one of our exchanges, a wonderful reform is taking place among the Jews:

"The Jewish Sabbath has been changed from Saturday to the Lord's day by the Jewish reform committee in Frankfort."

"Among their proceedings, they voted that 'there is nothing obligatory in the use of the Hebrew in their worship, and accordingly that it was best to retain it, only in part, as a badge of their nationality and a bond of unity. Also, on full discussion, that the Messiah is *already come*. The present toleration and comfort they enjoy being what is meant by the promised Messiah.'"

Such proceedings partake equally of the ludicrous and the grave, in our opinion, exhibiting as they do the odd freaks and melancholy errors of the human mind, when it undertakes to reform religion. These votes or resolutions, however, of the Jewish convention at Frankfort, are far from equalling, in either respect, the resolutions of our *National Sabbath conventions* and *Presbyterian conferences*, in reference to the observance of Sunday and the baptism of the Catholic church.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONNECTION.—The statistics of this body, published by its last conference in June, are as follows: total number of members 87,770, itinerant preachers 560, local preachers 7,794, class leaders 5,089, Sabbath scholars 81,455, gratuitous teachers 15,266, connectionally chapels 1,189, rented rooms, &c. 3,652, Sabbath schools 994.—*Primitive Methodist General Minutes*, 1845.

CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.—The number of churches in the city, of all denominations, is as follows: Reformed Dutch 18, Episcopal 38, Lutheran 5, Moravian 1, Presbyterian 32, Reformed Presbyterian 3, Associate Presbyterian 3, Associate Reformed Presbyterian 2, Baptist 29, Congregationalist 5, Methodist 40, Roman Catholic 20, Jews' Synagogues 9, Friends 4, Unitarian 2, Swedenborgian 2.—Total 213.

The statement here given by the *New York Evangelist*, in regard to the Catholic churches, is incorrect. There are only *fifteen* in the city of New York.

A CROTCHET.—There is a hymn in one of the New England "collections" commencing, "purge me with hyssop, make me clean," which was given out one Sunday morning. The precentor set the hymn to a wrong tune; a fact which he did not discover until he had twice or thrice endeavored to execute the first sentence, "purge me with hyssop," &c. At length, out of all patience, an old maid, who led the treble, whined out, "*Hadn't you better take some other yerb, Mr. B—?*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Messrs. Editors:—In the *Boston Daily Journal*, of the 25th of November last, I discovered a very curious article extracted from the *N. Y. Evening Gazette*, in relation to the Jesuits. It appears from this paper that the Jesuits must consent to be again held responsible for every atrocious crime committed upon earth, and, like the devoted victim of old on the solemn day of expiation (Levit. xvi, 21), to be burthened with the sins of all the people. Their name must still be used as a scarecrow for the ignorant and credulous. They must be traduced as guilty of "persecutions, barbarities, bloodshed," etc., that is, as the authors of the crimes which are committed against them by anti-christian intolerance or sectarian bigotry, and of which they have every where been the innocent victims. Thus it was with the ancient Christians, of whom Tertullian says that, if any calamity happened to the empire, they were sure to have it laid to their charge by their pagan persecutors. (Apolog. n. 40.) So

was it also with Christ himself, when brought before the Roman governor by his implacable enemies, (Luke xxiii, 1, 2,) and hence did he say: "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." (John xv, 20.)

The two papers above mentioned enlarge, in a very confident tone, upon the contradictions and sufferings which the Jesuits have had to undergo in various countries, as if these evils proved them to be wicked men! It would be just as logical to say that the persecutions formerly raised by the whole Roman empire against the Christians were good evidence against Christianity. The Jesuits have indeed been persecuted, but how? In France they were assailed by jealousy or infidelity; in Switzerland by bigotry; among the Iroquois by savage ferocity. Therefore we have reason to fear them and to hold them in detestation! Therefore we should act towards them after the manner of the French infidels, the fierce Zuinglians of Switzerland, and the barbarous Indians of 1682! A beautiful inference indeed! How flattering to the intelligence and liberality of the American people in this boasted age of light and freedom!

But this is not all. We are told that "the principles of the Jesuits do not accord with those professed and received by the friends of republican government." Where is the proof of this assertion? Can the editors of the *Boston Journal* and *New York Gazette* have the presumption to suppose that their mere *ipse dixit* will be deemed sufficient evidence on this point?

They tell us also very gravely that the Jesuits "owe allegiance to a foreign government (the government of the pope, as appears from the context) which is despotic in the extreme." But who does not know that the government of the pope, as a temporal sovereign, extends not beyond the centre of Italy, and that, far from being "despotic in the extreme," is, on the contrary, extremely indulgent?

To cap the climax, it is said that, because the Jesuits are building churches and chapels, we have cause to fear, particularly judging from history, (it might be asked what history?) lest they "get possession of the government" in America. Were the subject less serious in itself, we should really be much amused at this singular idea. How marvellous, in fact, would it be to see forty or fifty Jesuits, with their woolen cinctures and their breviaries, undertaking to set aside the established order of things, abolish the two houses of congress, overthrow the constitution, and subdue the whole country with its twenty millions of inhabitants! Must not our Boston and New York editors have supposed in their readers a vast deal of stupidity, to swallow such nonsense, and credit such startling absurdities? VERAX.

To the editor of the Catholic Magazine:

I enclose the following extract from the "Presbyterian," to show how quickly its editor will run off with the wrong end of a story, and convert an innocent *jeu d'esprit* into a grave charge.

"*Romish Baptism.*—M. Boquet remarked, in his last lecture, that a question lately propounded for discussion in a Roman Catholic seminary in France was, *whether baptism could be performed with soup?* One of the students answered that, if the students' soup were meant, it could be; if the bishop's, it could not! We do not mention this as a specimen of French wit, but as a commentary on the condition of that church, one of whose doctors could seriously propose such a question. And yet this is but one case out of thousands. Can we wonder at the late decision of our general assembly?"—*Presbyterian.*

The "question *lately* propounded" is an old joke as current among theological students in France as the story of *wooden hams* and *nutmegs* in this country, and means nothing more nor less than that seminary or college broth is near akin to *pure water*. Seeing that this stale pleasantry has been taken in earnest, we are puzzled which to admire the more, Mr. Boquet the lecturer for his wonderful discovery, or the sapient editor who is thrown into such a pious convulsion from M. Boquet's premises. We remember to have read of an ancient philosopher who, hearing one man asking silly questions and another giving foolish answers, "propounded for discussion" this query—Which is the greater dunce, he who wants to milk an ox, or he who is waiting to catch the milk in a sieve?

"Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur."

To CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We are much indebted for the following communications:

1. *The Christmas Holydays in Rome*, a review of a work with the same title, by the Rev. Mr. Kipp, a clergyman of the High church.

2. *American Literature*, in which the writer passes a severe, but just criticism, upon the address recentty delivered by Prof. Reynolds before the literary societies of Pennsylvania college.

3. *Brazil and the Brazilians*, a review of Mr. Kidder's late work, entitled "Sketches of residence and travel in Brazil," 2 vols.

4. *Lord Baltimore and Catholic Liberality*, a timely critique of the discourse recently delivered by the Hon. J. P. Kennedy, before the Maryland Historical Society.

5. *California and its Missions*, an interesting paper on the natural aspect of the country and the labors of the Catholic missionaries.

In reply to *Carolan*, we beg leave to say that our rule forbids us to notice anonymous communications.

From the numerous papers on our table, we shall make such a selection for our March issue, as circumstances may seem to require.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Dubuque, Iowa territory, on Sunday evening, December 14th ult., of consumption, Sister Mary Frances Rielly, at the sisterhood, St. Mary's convent, in that city, aged 22 years.—*St. Louis News Letter.*

Departed this life, on the 30th of December last, the Rev. F. O'Donaghue, late pastor of the Catholic church of Lynchburg, Va. He was born in the year 1791, in the town of Killarney, county of Kerry, Ireland, and was ordained in the year 1817, and emigrated to the United States in the year 1821.

In Washington, D. C., on the 19th January, James Hoban, Esq., Attorney of the District. Mr. Hoban was a distinguished member of the bar.

At his residence near the Navy Yard, Washington, on Sunday evening last, Salvador M. Catalano, sailing-master of the U. S. Navy, aged 70 years, a native of Palermo in Sicily, but for the last 41 years a resident of Washington.

SECULAR DEPARTMENT.

The proceedings at Washington present no great novelty since our last notice. The Oregon Question still appears to engross almost the entire attention of our legislators.

Senate.—Since our last remarks on congressional affairs, Mr. Calhoun has defined his position on the Oregon Question, and has introduced a series of resolutions of a highly pacific character, which, we trust, may receive that respectful consideration which every thing emanating from so high and wise a source is entitled to. We insert the last of his series of resolutions.

"Resolved, That the president of the United States, in renewing the offer in the spirit of peace and compromise to establish the 49th degree of north latitude as a line between the two countries to the said territory, did not abandon the honor, character, or the best interests of the American people, or exceed the powers vested in him by the constitution to make treaties."

Mr. Fairfield from the committee on Naval Affairs has reported a bill authorizing an appropriation of five millions six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to enable the president to cause steam vessels of war to be built and equipped.

House of Representatives.—In this branch of congress, the question of terminating the joint occupancy of Oregon now existing between our country and Great Britain is the fruitful cause of endless eloquence. Every speaking member appears determined to take this opportunity of exhibiting his oratorical powers, and we can not expect so vital a question to be settled till every orator in the hall has had his turn in the debate. Such is the taste of our people that they will not be satisfied till each political performer has made his recitation; like the Chinese emperor, whose passion for music was so great that he would not be satisfied till each of his three hundred performers had favored him with a solo. While the debate is progressing, the wits of our ingenious citizens are at work to devise means of effectual resistance to foreign aggression. One gentleman has submitted to congress a steam invention for harbor defence, by which one vessel, on his plan, will be able to defend the harbor of New York against the attack of any fleet. Another gentleman has submitted a memorial to congress asking to submit to their notice his system of bay and harbor defence by means of *fire-ships*. The following are the remarks of Mr. Smith of Illinois in presenting the memorial:

Mr. S., in presenting the memorial, made a few remarks, the substance of which was, that the invention of Mr. Brown was tested by several satisfactory experiments made in the presence of a large assemblage of the citizens of Baltimore in 1814, and a model of his boat was examined by a number of scientific citi-

zens, by officers of the army and navy, naval architects, and civil engineers, and by them highly approved. This invention was brought to the notice of congress in 1814, and in the house referred to the secretary of the navy, who made a favorable report on the subject. In 1827, the secretary of war transmitted to the house of representatives a report from the chief engineer, and another from General Bernard, both of which were favorable to the invention. In 1828, the committee on naval affairs reported a bill making an appropriation, and recommended that experiments should be made to test its practical utility for harbor and coast defence. Again; in 1836 the committee on naval affairs reported a bill for the same object; but none of these bills passed both houses.

Mr. S. said he did not think our government had shown itself liberal towards men of genius who had spent whole lives in bringing to light new and valuable inventions. He believed we were behind every other civilized government on earth in this respect; and, while he was in favor of the most rigid economy in the expenditure of the public funds, he nevertheless believed that sound policy dictated a reasonable appropriation to test such inventions as would tend to benefit the whole country, and more particularly so, when the object of the invention is the protection of our towns and cities in time of war. If Mr. Brown's invention answers the purpose claimed for it by its friends, we could in twelve months' time put our whole seacost and lake harbors in a condition to defy the combined navies of Europe. If (said Mr. S.) we act upon the old and wise maxim, "in time of peace prepare for war," there was, in his opinion, no time to lose.

The memorial was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

Mr. Owen of Indiana, a highly influential member, submitted a resolution asking an inquiry into the expediency of making an addition to the capital to contain *a new hall of representatives*, the present chamber to be *converted into the library* of congress, and the library to be appropriated as a supreme court room.

Mexico.—The last advices from Mexico represent that country as on the eve of another revolution headed by General Paredes. Its object is represented to be, to subvert the present government, which is unpopular. This news, if true, makes the prospect of a treaty with that power, on the subject of the Texas and Californias, entirely hopeless. Even the present government, though favorably inclined to this country, report says, has been afraid to receive our minister, Mr. Slidell. There can of course be no prospect of effecting any thing with the powers that are to supplant the present authorities.

Maryland Legislature.—A resolution was offered in the Maryland legislature, the object of which was to test the sense of parties there on the Native American question. The vote upon this resolution indicated that this humbug had not a single friend in the house of delegates.

Late Intelligence from Europe.—*Recent Conversions to Catholicity in England.*—Rev. Michael Watts Russell, rector of Benefield, with his lady and sister—Rev. W. Marshall, curate to Archdeacon Wilberforce—Mr. Hutchinson, of Trinity college, Cambridge. The *Tablet* mentions the Rev. J. M. Glenie, perpetual curate of Marks, Somerset; Rev. T. W. Marshall, vicar of Swallow Cliffe and Ansty, Wilts; Rev. H. G. Coope, Salisbury; Rev. Mr. Birks, of Arley, Cheshire; Mr. Woodmason, jr., of Lettlemore, as being at St. Mary's, Oscott.

Changes in the British Ministry.—Late arrivals had brought us the intelligence that Sir Robert Peel and his ministry had resigned, and that Lord John Russell had been appointed to form a new cabinet. From the last advices we learn that Lord John could not succeed in getting a ministry, in consequence of which Sir Robert Peel has resumed his former station, surrounded by all his old colleagues, except Lord Stanley, who is replaced by Mr. Gladstone.

Visit of the Russian Autocrat to Rome.—One of the most important items of intelligence by the last packets, is the visit of the emperor to the pope. The following extracts from the *Tablet* contain the substance of what has transpired in reference to it.

"We are happy to have to record that after all Nicholas was not greeted with illuminations and public rejoicings, as had been falsely stated in several continental journals, Catholic and other. So at least we gather from the most recent accounts that have yet been published. No special mark of respect was shown to the august tyrant, either by the Roman government or by private individuals. The emperor visited the pope twice, but his holiness did not return the compliment. If a letter from Florence, copied from the *Journal des Débats*, may be credited, his reception by the inhabitants of Rome was equally cold and unsatisfactory.

"It would appear, therefore, that from the Roman population, unlike the English, the utmost pecuniary liberality could not extort any homage or admiration for the flogger of women, the robber of Poland, the torturer and murderer of Minsk, and various other places. The Roman aristocracy and the Ro-

man populace appear to have some notions of the dignity of human nature. Our English aristocracy, Protestant and (in part) Catholic, licked the dust before a well-dressed, powerful, and wealthy ruffian. The representative of brute force and accumulated treasure extorted reverence from minds so well fitted to appreciate them.

"No exact account has yet been published of what passed at the conference, but we are happy to say that in an allocution, speedily to be published, it is expected that the substance of what passed will be communicated to the world. All accounts agree in commending the frank, forcible, and dignified tone adopted by his holiness in his remonstrances with his imperial visiter. The visit was sought by the latter, but it was assented to by the venerable head of the Catholic church, as affording an opportunity for a vigorous and emphatic exposition to the emperor in person of the perfidies and horrors of his reign. For the present, and in the absence of any authentic information, we abstain from quoting details which may, or may not, be accurate. For these, such as we have been able to collect them from various sources, we refer to another column; and, for the present, we only dwell upon what, by common consent, is said to have been the result of the interview. The language employed by the holy father is said to have produced a great impression on the mind of the emperor. 'He was much affected at these words,' says one account. 'He clasped the hand of his holiness, which he kissed most affectionately. He then promised to act in conformity with the wishes of the pope, and withdrew.' The language of his holiness to the czar, says another account, 'was firm, affectionate, and severe, but profoundly melancholy; and produced, it is said, a strong impression upon the emperor Nicholas.'"

LITERARY NOTICES.

A National Geography for Schools; illustrated by 220 Engravings and 33 Maps, &c. By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales. New York: Huntington and Savage. 4to. pp. 108.

The plan of this work unquestionably imparts to it considerable merit as a school book. The intermingling of maps with the context renders it very convenient for use, and the illustrations are well calculated to please the youthful student, and to impress the knowledge of things on his mind. The globe-map, which accompanies the book, has also many advantages as a substitute for the artificial globe. This work, however, is not free from error, although in regard to religious information it is perhaps less tinctured with anti-Catholic prejudice than some other productions of Peter Parley. In glancing over the book, we noticed the following mistatements: that the Roman Catholics who settled Maryland "came from England in 1663!" (1633.) Secondly, that Dr. Francia, late ruler of Paraguay, was a *Jesuit!* (p. 66.) Such errors are unpardonable in one who pretends to be a teacher. We know not what the reader will think of the following contradiction, p. 84: "Though the Italians are indolent and *imbecile*, yet such are the advantages of the country, that it furnishes many valuable articles of export. The people are *full of genius, excelling in the fine arts*," &c.

Page 105, it is asserted that the Sandwich islands are particularly interesting from the "natives having been *converted* to Christianity and civilization by the American missionaries." This statement contains more than one inaccuracy. It is well known that the system pursued by the Protestant missionaries in these islands, has rather *perverted* the condition of the natives than introduced among them the real blessings of civilization. And why should Mr. Goodrich lead his readers to suppose that the knowledge of Christianity was imparted only by the American missionaries, when it is a notorious fact that many thousands of these savages have been reclaimed from idolatry by Catholic priests from Europe? Mr. Goodrich shows himself little disposed to exhibit the statistics of the Catholic church in a fair light, or he would not tell us on page 107 that the number of Catholics in the whole world amounts to 140,000,000. The veriest tyro in geography must know that the lowest estimate carries the number of Catholics to at least one hundred and sixty millions, and that, according to the most probable accounts, it falls little short of two hundred millions. With these exceptions, which a discriminating teacher will not fail to point out to the pupil, the work before us is certainly a well contrived manual for the geographical student.

Introductory Lecture of G. S. Bedford, A. M., M. D., professor of midwifery and the diseases of women and children in the N. York University. Session 1845-46.

The perusal of Dr. Bedford's lectures has always afforded us the highest gratification. They invariably exhibit the characteristics of the accomplished gentleman, the finished scholar, and the learned professor. The earnest manner in which he develops his subject, proves that he is justly sensible of the grave responsibilities accompanying the medical profession, and that a proper appreciation of its elevated calling is, in his estimation, an essential qualification of the useful physician. This conviction imparts to the instructions of Dr. Bedford a lively interest, which is enhanced in no small degree by the perfect mastery which he possesses of the topics under consideration, and by the charms of language in which he presents his ideas. But we are still more pleased with the tone of Christian

philosophy which pervades the medical lectures of Professor Bedford, which enables him to discover in the phenomena of the human organism the most unequivocal evidence of a divine Providence directing the destinies of man, and which also leads him to reprobate, in the strongest terms, and irrespectively of views too prevalent among physicians, practices which he considers equally at variance with the dictates of humanity and the precepts of religion.

An Introductory Lecture delivered in the hall of the medical department of the St. Louis University, Nov. 4th, 1845. By M. L. Linton, M. D., professor of the principles and practice of medicine, St. Louis.

The professor has here thrown together some excellent observations on chemistry, anatomy and physiology, with particular allusions to the advantages of the institution in which he lectures. We are pleased to find in the St. Louis university, under the charge of the Jesuits, ample facilities offered to the medical student. The lecturer, in the conclusion of his address, reproves in merited terms the bigotry of those who are hostile to the faculty on the ground of its being connected with a Catholic university.

Discourse on the Life and Character of George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, made by John P. Kennedy before the Maryland Historical Society, December 9th, 1845. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

We have read this discourse with no little surprise at the coolness with which the orator has proceeded to demolish the character of Lord Baltimore, and, in the spirit of a *philosopher of history*, to substitute in its stead the creations of his own surmises and fancies. Upturning the facts recorded by Calvert's biographer, he makes his hero a cringing sycophant, who, Catholic though he *alleges* him to have been all his life, would still prevaricate and conceal his sentiments by an outward conformity to popular prejudices for the sake of office and its emoluments. And yet the discourse winds up by asking if George Calvert is not in some honorable degree entitled to a portion of the praise which the speaker awards to a Jason, a Columbus, and a Washington? The character of Lord Baltimore cuts a very sorry figure in the hands of his new eulogist, which proceeds from the single fact that the discourse falsifies the word of Fuller as to Calvert's conversion. Restore to its proper authority the fact, *not the surmise* of the cotemporary biographer of Calvert, and there is not an inch of ground left for a single one of the author's positions to stand on. But even take Fuller's biography according to the estimate the discourse puts upon it, as well as the other circumstances of the address upon which this biography of the nineteenth century is predicated, and the attentive reader will see that it is a weak and sickly production which would fall from its own imbecility were it not supported by the crutches which a great name has given it. The spirit of Cecilius Calvert will no doubt quake at the assurance that there is to be a discourse on his character from the same high quarter, and the genius of Maryland may tremble for the review of the act of 1649 which is also promised from the like source.

Sadlier's illustrated edition of Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints. New York. 8vo.

We are indebted to Mr. Murphy for the first part of this edition of the *Lives of the Saints*. Of the merit and utility of this excellent work it is needless to speak. The whole Catholic world has borne testimony to its high worth, and established its strong claims to public favor. The peculiar features of the present edition are its completeness, being a reprint from the best European publication, and its beautiful execution in a mechanical point of view. The paper and typography are such as to invest the work with powerful attractions, that are considerably enhanced by the engravings and illuminated title-page. The work will consist of twenty-five parts, one of which will appear every two weeks, and will be embellished with a fine engraving.

The Life of St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, &c. Baltimore: John Murphy. 12mo. pp. 192.

In this volume, which is neatly executed, the reader will find an interesting sketch of the wonderful labors of Ireland's great apostle, with a variety of information relative to the ecclesiastical history of that country. The work is embellised with a handsome engraving of St. Patrick.

A History of Ireland, from its first Settlement to the present time; including a particular Account of its Literature, Music, Architecture, and Natural Resources, with upwards of Two Hundred Biographical Sketches of its most eminent Men; interspersed with a great number of Irish Melodies, original and selected, arranged for musical instruments, and illustrated with many Portraits of celebrated Irishmen, and a series of Architectural Views. By Thomas Mooney, late of the City of Dublin. Boston: by the author. 8vo. pp. 1651.

We have not had time to wade through the massive volume which Mr. Mooney has given to the public; but, so far as we are acquainted with the work, we consider it a very useful production. It is not a thoroughly digested history of Ireland, but it embodies a series of very interesting and instructive lectures on the history of that country, which has always occupied so distinguished a rank among civilized nations, and still forms so prominent an object of solicitude among all who value the blessings of civil and religious freedom. In the work before us, Mr. Mooney has sought only to render a true service to his country, by diffusing more widely the knowledge of its early condition, its refinement in the arts, the valor and patriotism of its people, their ardent attachment to religious truth, and their devotion to the cause of popular liberty, and, though the author has doubtless fallen into some inaccuracies, his labors will not be unacceptable to the friends of Ireland, or the readers of history.

THE SISTERS.

FROM MRS. HEMANS'S POEMS.

MUSIC BY PROF. BIELMAN,

OF MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Moderately slow and with feeling.
Piano Forte, or Harp.
Voce.
ten.
1. Leave us not! Leave us not! Say not a - dieu!
mf
Have we not been to thee ten-der and true?
Take not thy sun - ny smile
cres.
f

Far from our hearth! With that sweet light will fade Summer and mirth.
dim.
Take not thy sun - ny smile Far from our hearth! With that sweet light will fade
dim.
Sum-mer and mirth.
sinf:

Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

‖: Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us, leave us not!
Thou art our own! :‖

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